

NIRE

1940



THIS BOOK  
IS A GIFT TO  
WHEATON COLLEGE  
NORTON  
MASSACHUSETTS

FROM

The Class of 1941

May 22, 1940













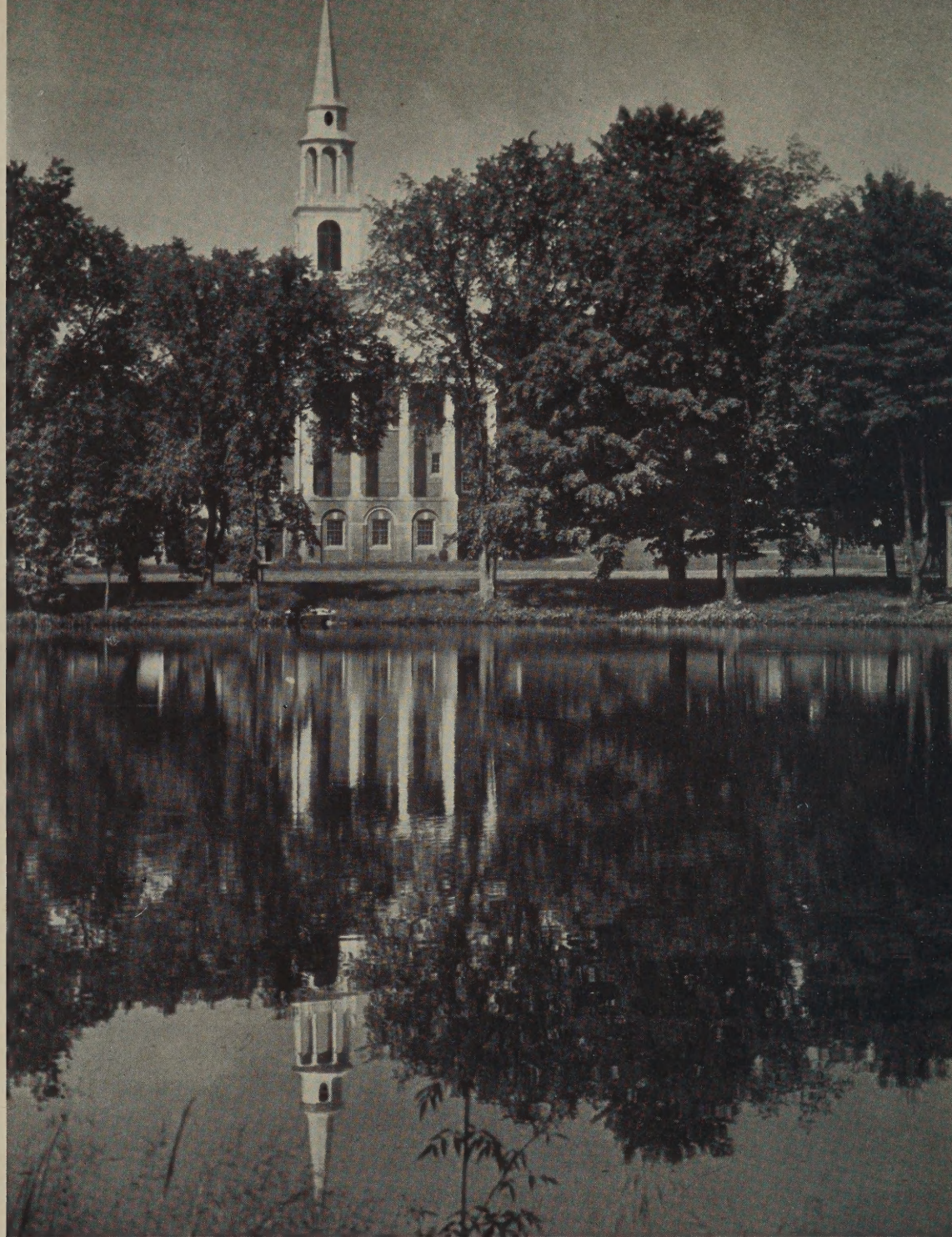















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# *The 1940 Nike*

FOR THE SENIORS • BY THE JUNIORS

WHEATON COLLEGE

NORTON • MASSACHUSETTS



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## *Our Respects to*

the Spragues for their friendliness and hospitality  
to all of us and for being two of the nicest people  
we know.





*Dr. and Mrs. Paul Winger Sprague*

Wf. coll. 1941 MAY 22 1940





## *Preface to Nike*

The greatest things do not always make the greatest impressions. The four years enshrined in this book contained great events, the most terrific hurricane ever known in this part of the world, and the beginnings of what looked like the most frightful world war of the ages; yet it is the little things that make the most impressions and are remembered longest, the friendships and dreams and hopes and disappointments which are the ingredients of this college life. Here in these pages you will be reminded of friends and scenes and of an atmosphere in which you lived for four of the happiest years of your life. May you never fare worse than here, and may all the best experiences referred to in this volume be but the preface of a variegated, interesting, distinctive life! Soon the people whose figures you see on these pages will be looking back at Wheaton from the far distance. Time marches on.

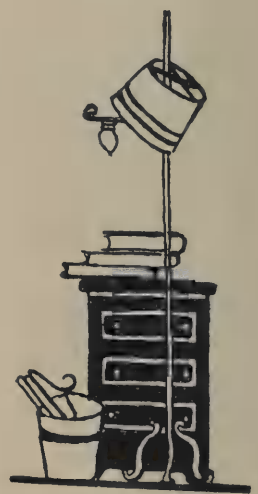
*J. Ruger Park.*







*"When yellow leaves, or none,  
or few, do hang  
Upon those boughs which  
shake against the cold."*











*Information please*



## FALL BEGINS OUR YEAR

SEPTEMBER brings us back to Wheaton as the leaves turn color and the days grow shorter. Once again bells ring and the walks are crowded with girls. At night lights shine from the dormitories. Voices and laughter are heard and the campus awakens from its summer quiet. There is something new among us, a new class. New faces, new personalities; what will they bring to Wheaton, we wonder. What will Wheaton bring to us, wonders the freshman.

After the view of the campus from the Visitors' Entrance which she learned as a sub-freshman, the administration building is the first part of Wheaton to become known to a freshman. The very first day she registers there and then goes to find her room. In the rest of her life at college the ad building will play an important part, for in it is the machinery of Wheaton. In the perplexities of the first days this memory of the ad building fades. It does not take her long, however, to become familiar with the lower floor of the building. Up and down the stairs we go a dozen times a day. The freshman joins us.

Three times a day we peer into our mailbox and reach for the shadow that looks just like a letter. If we've used the last sheet of paper in our notebook, need a new pair of socks, some stamps, the latest *Mademoiselle*, a get-well card for Cousin Lulu who has the mumps, or are facing any kind of an emergency we trot down to the bookstore and Mrs. Perry produces the very thing we need. Freshmen are not long in following the path worn to its door. (No, no mousetraps, Stanton.)

The bulletin board is also important to all of us. Before the emergency board we push and shove at 8:30 a.m. looking for possible cuts or any startling news which may be posted. At other times we lean on the shelf and study posters, contemplate the possibilities of going to that concert in Boston or consider the notice that says someone has room for three paying passengers to New York. The bulletin board summarizes Wheaton. Gym cuts, choir lists, play rehearsals, exam schedules, are all found there and the calendar announces our social life.

Soon after arrival the freshman discovers





MISS CARPENTER

Mr. Cutler's office by following the procession of girls carrying floor lamps and reading lights of all descriptions to be left by his door. By this time the freshman thinks she is quite at home in the administration building but if some morning she strays from the horde streaming from chapel to the mailboxes and goes upstairs instead of down in the ad building she will find herself in a new Wheaton. Looking around for no trespassing signs she tiptoes along the hall. The door at the left is slightly open. Should she go in? Heavens no! The sign says, President. She has already discovered by his chapel talks that Dr. Park is not just a wonderful myth. She looks around. The sign on the other side of the hall says, Dean. Then that must be Miss Barker in the outer office. Some day she will find that Miss Barker is very comforting to talk to while she nervously awaits her first conference with Miss Carpenter. Once in Miss Carpenter's office she may be amazed to see the latest picture of Bruin propped up on the desk and she will begin to wonder why she ever thought

deans were terrifying people who don't know how to laugh. But this is before the freshman knew, so she tiptoes on. It seems strangely quiet and empty compared to the floor below.

In the next room at the left Miss Remick is at work, smiling and friendly. How wonderful to be secretary to Dr. Park. The freshman smiles shyly back at her and retreats almost into the office across the hall. Where is she? Did someone say something about Miss Garrison? Wondering what this is all about and how there can possibly be so much work in running a college she continues around the corner. She finds herself face to face with Information. Surrounded by telephones, florists boxes, and timetables is Mrs. Potter. With a sudden desire to test this organization, the freshman asks about the movies in Taunton and receives a prompt reply including information about Mansfield and Attleboro as well. A girl in a green hair-ribbon comes to claim a telegram so the freshman drifts away. They say Information is such a harrying job that they work in shifts. When Miss Poland is worn out Miss Smith appears (upperclassmen still call them Millie and Carol) and Information carries on. Later the freshman will learn how calm Mrs. Potter or Mrs. Burr can be in the face of the crowd that mills around the door at a few minutes before one a.m. on late per nights.

Turning from Information she looks around the hall admiring the rug and the blue upholstery of the furniture. "Wheaton blue, I suppose," she thought and tipped her head back to look up to the next floor. Yes, this is the hall she was in before, when she was a sub-freshman. "Funny how you get all mixed up, I thought it was somewhere else."

Miss Albro smiles as the freshman lingers by the door. So here is Miss Ziegler's office! Of course an old friend from sub-freshman days. Hoping to see Miss Ziegler the freshman moves slowly on. "Even though she is



MISS LITTLEFIELD

Secretary of the Board of Admission I don't see how she knew everyone, even me, when we had just come," she murmurs.

Miss Littlefield's office reminds her that her freshmen conference will be coming soon. What will happen? If the freshman only knew that she is going to learn a dean of freshman can be a very pleasant person, she would not scurry by in terror. But she still doesn't know about deans except from college stories.

Registrar, the sign on the right says. The freshman sees an office that looks a little familiar. Oh yes, register at the registrar's, of course. How stupid to have forgotten about it even in the confusion of that first day. The girls across the hall who wanted to exchange roommates came here to see Miss Young, she remembers, and were so impressed with her kindness and understanding. Miss Shumaker is surrounded by piles of cards. Imagine trying to get courses and rooms and everything else straight. The freshman imagined she could see rolls of red tape neatly put away.

Across the hall is the bursar's office. "Well, I'm glad to know where to pay my bills," thinks the freshman gazing at the little barred window at the end of the counter. Miss Dunkle appears ready to help, but the freshman retreats. Her allowance has not yet come, nor has the bill for thumbtack holes nor for pink pills from the infirmary. Pushing open a door she finds some stairs. Why she didn't know there were stairs at this end! She gallops down them and is soon wriggling her way through the crowd to her mailbox. She doesn't realize that she skipped the Alumnae Appointment Office by the front door. When she begins to wonder about summer work or even what to do after graduation she will find what a useful place that office is too, and just how helpful Miss Ridlon and Miss Garfield can be. Meanwhile, as she strolls back to her dorm with her newspaper under her arm, she is just beginning to realize how important the ad building and all the people in it are to all of us. The year is well begun then for the freshman is beginning to fit into Wheaton.

MISS YOUNG





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## FACULTY AND DEPARTMENTS OF INSTRUCTION

ONCE upon a time there was a prospective freshman who did not devour the Bulletin of Wheaton College as soon as the mailman brought it to her, but just jammed it into her pocketbook and rushed off to town to make a tour of the various college shops. It so happened that she just made the local train coming home, and hadn't even had time to buy a magazine to look at during the ride. So out of sheer boredom she took the Bulletin from her pocketbook, and started to look at it. Now she was a very peculiar young girl, who always looked at things Chinese fashion, from the back frontwards. She skipped through some pages as yet meaningless to her, and finally came to a section which began with Zoology. Here she succumbed, and read as avidly as any other sub-freshman, and she kept on going. And this is what she read and thought:

"Zoology—I must take some of that—I remember dissecting a worm years ago with Jim, and it was wonderfully interesting. Dr. Lange, Dr. Chidsey and Miss Voter teach it. That's what I'll major in if I decide I would

really like to be a nurse." It wasn't until her sophomore year that this desire completely left her; she was taking Comparative Anatomy, and the smell of the cow's head she had to cut up discouraged her from ever following in the footsteps of Florence Nightingale.

She turned back a few pages, and came upon Spanish, taught by Dr. Riddell, Mrs. Travis, and Miss Pond. "I'd like to take some of that," she thought. Languages had always fascinated her, especially French. And this was another of the Romance Languages, with the same lovely sounds that she would like so well to be able to imitate. She interrupted the regular train of events and turned to French, taught by Dr. Riddell, Miss Metivier, Miss Littlefield, Miss Buchler, Miss Hendrickson and Miss Evans. And what about Italian—she turned the pages again—Dr. Riddell and Miss Hendrickson taught that.

She then returned to peace and order,—to Religion, taught by Dr. Sprague. "That would be a wonderful thing to take," she

*English*



*Art*



*Registration*







*Wheaton's Better Half*

thought. "I've gone to church every Sunday, or almost every Sunday, with Mother and Dad, and I've usually been so mad at being gotten up early that I don't listen to what the minister says, and just look at the stained glass windows. I don't know what I really believe. It would be wonderful if some of these courses would straighten me out." (P.S. They did.)

Next came Psychology, with the students' wandering minds being led by Dr. Amen, Dr. Hunt, Dr. Rickers, Dr. Goldmeier, Miss Chandler, Dr. MacColl, and Miss Jacoby. She read avidly—Psych's a subject that seems to take everybody's interests nowadays. Whatever field you go into, it will be useful. If you plan to be a teacher there is the related field of Education, or if you plan to marry and have fourteen children there is Child Psych. "Mm-m, yes, I'll have to take some of that." And she passed on to Physics taught by Dr. Shook and Dr. Garabedian. She thought, "It's required that I take a science before I can graduate, and I think Astronomy would be awfully interesting. I've always wanted to know more about the stars, and the why

of them. And this course on the 'Physical Basis of Musical Sound', looks like a wonderful thing to take in conjunction with one of the music courses." But she must be on—Philosophy next.

Dr. McIntire, Dr. Sprague, and Mrs. Clark head this department. This would help her to think for herself by showing how men had thought through the ages. She read more closely, and found that she had been on the right track—"The major may be elected from the departments of Philosophy and Religion."

Back farther she came to Music, with Mr. Ramseyer, Dr. Garabedian, Miss Wood, Miss Krause, Miss MacLeod, and Miss Totten heading the section. Last night her father had taken her to the symphony in town, and although she had enjoyed it, she had gotten restless and wished that she had understood more about it; what the composer wanted to convey, and what technical difficulties he had to overcome before he achieved that. Maybe Mr. Ramseyer, etc., would help her to see.

Next came Mathematics, with Miss Watt

and Dr. Garabedian. She had always liked Math in school; it was something definite, each problem an individual challenge that she felt real joy in meeting. Geometry especially had appealed to her—she liked the clean feeling of drawing ruler-straight lines, the unachievable perfection of the circle. Something exact in this world, that could be proved. Unconsciously quoting to herself "Euclid alone has looked on beauty bare," she turned back the page.

Latin now, with Dr. Work and Dr. Evans. The root of all languages, the basis, something definite again. The thrill of recognizing an early root when you came across a new word in your reading, and being able to take

it apart and figure out its true meaning for yourself without having to have recourse to a dictionary. And then there were the courses open without any language prerequisite "The Literary Influence of the Latin Classics" sounded especially interesting to her.

Backwards, still backwards, to History and Political Science, taught by Dr. Hubbard, Dr. Gulley, Dr. Knapton, Dr. Hidy, and Miss Tirrell. From the story of man from the time of the Greeks through the French Revolution and up to the present day we learn to look at what is happening in the world with a more intelligent viewpoint, get a better perspective on it—sort of a God's-eye view. And aside from any modern comparisons, it gives an

*Reflections on  
Peacock Pond*





insight on the art and literature of the times, showing why certain ages produced certain men, certain artists and certain conquerors.

Then to Greek, with Dr. Work and Dr. Evans. "Of course a study of this will enable me to dash off names of fraternities left and right with an added air of *savoir faire*;" but it will do more than that. As a background for all literature, reading in Greek is important. But if you don't quite feel up to tackling the language with all its strange, or perhaps not so strange, symbols, courses in English are given here too. There's one on "Greek Literature and its Relation to Modern Literary Forms," a grand corollary to "The Literary Influence of the Latin Classics"; and there's one in "Classical Mythology," which everyone should have as a background for

general knowledge, and in particular for English and Art.

Although not so ancient, the German language, taught by Dr. Korsch and Dr. Crawford, is important. It is perhaps the closest of all languages to our own. The great works of German literature, both old and new, Goethe, Schiller, Erasmus, Thomas Mann,—can be read in the original, which is the only true way to appreciate them. And here too are courses given in English for those too timid to attack a new language in college.

Then English, taught by Mr. Boas, Miss Shepard, Mrs. Boas, Mrs. Ballou, Miss Burton, Dr. Sharp, Mrs. Mackenzie, Dr. Earle, Miss Tweedle, Miss Winslow, and Miss Rice. Composition is important to everyone,



*Hebe on duty*

not only to those who wish to write professionally. There isn't a literate soul in the world who doesn't need a knowledge of it, if only to write interesting letters. The literature is something that you enjoy reading, some of it you have probably read before, but in rereading, and studying it under competent teachers, you find a wealth of unrealized material. There is more than pure enjoyment here. Through your earlier study of composition you learn to appreciate more fully the way the writer must carefully construct his poem, play, or novel, and you feel a greater respect for him. No matter what the major, every student will find an English course pertinent to it, that will help to amplify and clarify her knowledge.

Dr. Jennings and Dr. Hidy teach Economics while Dr. Cressey and Dr. Nottingham teach the related course of Sociology. Ec is important to History majors, being a vital part of History, but it is also important to everyone—the stock market has played an influential role in all our lives, and it's a good idea to understand it. The purpose of Sociology "is to help the student understand modern society." It does this by studying life in other countries, primitive and advanced, as well as by making a survey of your own home town. "Criminology and Penology" is a good course to take along with Psychology, and "Social Change" is an integral part of History. Perhaps nobody can "understand modern society," but these courses at least help, and give you a start.

Chemistry, taught by Dr. Evans, Dr. Marshall, and Dr. Thompson, is an interesting course for itself, leading to a knowledge of things that you would otherwise never realize. You will be able to simplify and reduce the world around you to its primary and



*Music  
Philosophy*

essential elements—and hence perhaps understand it, in a different, but no less interesting way from the Sociologist. And it is an essential for the pre-medical student, along with Zoology and Physics.

"Botany!" said our pre-Wheatonite. Dr. Rice, Dr. Faull, Miss Leuchs and Miss Taylor head this department. "I have always wanted a garden," she thought; "but one can't have a garden when one lives in an apartment. And so I have planned my garden for my own house of the misty future—without any idea



of how to go about it. A course in Botany will give me some technical knowledge. 'Plant Culture' sounds exactly what I want." And through "General Botany" she will learn the composition of all things that grow beneath the sun, and will learn to recognize them easily through characteristic traits.

Art is taught by—but then it's always been a question whether art *can* be taught or not. Maybe it would be better to say that examples in the history of art are shown and elucidated by Dr. Seaver, Dr. Neilson, and Dr. van Ingen, and that students in Practical Art are guided and encouraged by Miss Randall. In studying the History of Art we learn a greater appreciation of the beauties around us, and we get a firm basis on which we can afterwards evaluate art for ourselves. The Art Department does not say—"This is good, because it is by Giotto; this is bad, because

it is merely by a follower"—but it shows you both, and shows you why the Giotto has more strength. One period is not set above another, or one artist—you learn to form your own opinions, and realize that art is not a thing of the past, but ever present.

And there is E.C.A.—Elements of Composition in the Arts—open to a limited group of freshmen, in which art, literature, music, and the dance are studied together and points in comparison brought out.

—Here the conductor tapped the girl on the shoulder. "Last stop," he said; "we're about to turn around and go back again." She had become so absorbed she had completely forgotten to get off at her station. So she paid the extra fare and went back that far; and as she walked home, in a slight daze still, she thought only of Wheaton; and talked only of Wheaton for the next ten years or so.

*History*



*Physical Education*



## C. G. A.

MASS meeting in lower chapel a few days after our return in September introduced the College Government Association to us. Priscilla Howard, the president, appeared impressive in cap and gown and we stood in awed silence until she and Dean Carpenter were seated. Their speeches discussed the system of set penalties we have had. We were filled with enthusiasm when the possibility of experimenting by abolishing these penalties was set before us. Mass meetings give us a wonderful feeling that we really take part in our student government.

This year the College Government Association has gone further than ever before in removing itself from the position of police force.

For example, we were all given neatly printed blue charts so we could keep track of our own chapel and class cuts.

C.G.A. Judicial Board has taken on the added work of judging each case individually, and trying to do without campusing as a penalty. It really is much better this way. Last year there were, up until spring vacation, forty-seven cases of campusing, and this year there has been only one (for details read your local paper, or the Dahl cartoon).

This year's officers, headed by Priscilla Howard, president; are Mary Igleheart, vice-president; Eleanore Beane, secretary; and Alice Canby, treasurer.

They and the eight House Chairmen make up Cabinet, and then there's Council, consisting of C.G.A. executives and heads of organizations.

Cabinet has met more often this year because of the excellent policy of discussing with a girl such offences as carelessness, lack of cooperation in attitude, and infringement of rules instead of letting the problem drift until a particular offence has been committed, and automatically imposing a set penalty.

So far this year the Board (Dean, Cabinet, and House Fellows) has made no changes in



PRISCILLA HOWARD, *President*

rules, and changes in policy put into practice by Cabinet and Council have worked very well.

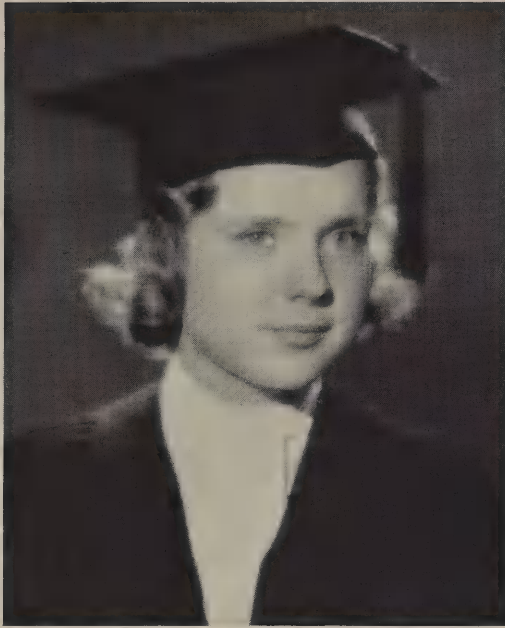
Aside from the usual smooth running of C.G.A. bus, signing out, church check and other systems, we have this Association to thank for contributing to furnishings for the Press Board and NIKE rooms in S.A.B.

Also C.G.A. has voted to pay Information Office to call local theaters each week so we won't travel all the way to Taunton to find that the Charles Boyer picture just left and there's the "Five Little Peppers" in its place.

There are spiffy new ash trays and lampshades for the social rooms, and it was C.G.A. that appointed the committee to work out a seating chart for the trial formal seating plan proposed by News.

We're proud of the way that C.G.A. is continually awake to our changing needs, be it for reliable movie information, or simplification of rules which were college tradition before Hebe started sporting an electric light bulb instead of a dish of rain water.





RUTH DARNELL, *President*

## Y. W. C. A.

SOME of our nicest memories of freshman fall are closely connected with the activities of this organization; the blue-badged guides, the open air picnic, and especially the Candlelight Service. The land-star flames, dark lake, evening-calm beauty, and the fun of singing hymns together amid it all is typical of the good feeling that flows from our Y.W.

Candlelight Service and Vespers represent one phase only. Grand speakers which the whole college community enjoys are "Y" invited. In October there was T'an Pin Pin of Yenching University, and in November Wang Tse-Fu discussed the place of the Chinese students today.

Henry T. Cadbury, professor at Harvard, spoke on the work of the American Friends Service Committee. Afterwards he answered many questions informally over coffee served in Hebe Parlors.

Dr. Park, Hornell Hart, professor of sociology at Duke and Rev. Leslie Glenn of

Christ Church in Cambridge are all on the Y.W. speakers list.

Everyone knows about Practical Aid. We've all saved money by purchasing our easy chairs in the second-hand store in Larcom basement, and stopped by the Lost and Found to see if the right mitten had been collected from the special box in the post office.

These all contribute to the fund which Y.W. yearly distributes. Practical Aid can report a goodly commission from its activities as furniture salesman and candy shop (after they went on a strictly cash basis), and even Lost and Found makes a profit from the spring auction of unclaimed goods.

Y.W. charities are numerous, World Fellowship gave away six hundred dollars to Pine Mountain Settlement School, Bettis Academy Hudson School, Bryn Mawr Summer School, and the Far Eastern Movement.

There are collections of old clothes for the Norton poor, and now for the Friends of France to distribute. There's the scholarship for the refugee student to which candy-selling profit goes, and this year Y.W. contributed to the Herbert Hoover fund for Finnish Relief.

All this, and a certain amount for an Attleboro colored church that had long been in extremely poor pecuniary position. Then there were the usual contributions to ailing children, mostly in need of glasses, through the district nurse, and to local scout groups. Other ways Y.W. has helped the community of Norton are providing the Night School (which presents a diploma and refund to those who successfully complete the course, usually English), and the Play Club.

Student Industrial (another phase of "Y" activity) arranges for a group of working girls to visit us from the New Bedford "Y" and we had a fine time chatting together in the social room, going in the pool, and later having a more formal discussion of problems of immigration and unemployment.

The present officers of our Y.W.C.A. are Ruth Darnell, president; Jean Nevius, vice-president; Mary Rhodes, secretary; Elizabeth Gibbs, treasurer.

Senior  
Class  
officers  
announced  
September 28



1940



"It was the best of times, it was the worst of times, it was the age of wisdom, it was the age of foolishness, it was the epoch of belief, it was the epoch of incredulity, it was the

season of Light, it was the season of Darkness. . . ."The class of 1940 entered Wheaton when the atmosphere of international politics was surcharged with tension and dissonance. The conclusion of the Ethiopian war, the outbreak of revolution in Spain, and British diplomatic defeats made imperative the stand of the United States for defensive preparation.

While the shadow of instability and uncertainty fell over the world, one hundred and fifty-seven freshmen were privileged to enter a liberal arts college for unprejudiced instruction in the ideals of democracy, freedom, and the will to believe. In these four crucial years, the importance of gaining knowledge, a fundamental personal philosophy, and of enriching our lives in every possible way has transcended the significance of the traditional campus scene. Perhaps more than any other class, the ninety-nine members of the class of 1940 will graduate from Wheaton on June tenth with the knowledge of a common ideal.

Our arrival at Wheaton coincided with the anniversary of Dr. Park's first ten years as President of the college. This we discovered at luncheon, which also disclosed every tenth girl in the tweed jacket suit prescribed by Mademoiselle. Jackets were exchanged for evening dress in time for the freshman banquet, where an awe-inspiring senior presided at each table, and officers of each organization explained why *their* activity was the most exciting on campus. These same officers later introduced us to the Alma Mater at the Mary Lyon sing. We passed in rapid succession through handbook quizzes, physical exams, the "Relatives" party, and Freshman Skits wherein Gerry Kane distinguished herself as a dastardly villain. Our first Community meeting was conducted by Miss Burton in the absence of Dean Carpenter who was on sabbatical leave. Shades of the prison house began to close about us as the sophomores commanded us to wear sandwich-board identification signs, and two of our non-conformists were forced to wear huge red bows in their hair. But then a new planet swam into our ken as junior sisters, old and infinitely wise, revealed the possibilities of butterscotch rolls, tandem bicycles, and visits to the Arboretum. Gradually we grew familiar with the violently opposed Roosevelt—and Sunflower groups, the sight of the Hindenberg floating majesti-





*Front Door for Seniors*

cally over campus, and fruit night at the Bates theatre in Attleboro. We made the acquaintance of the gardener, learned about late permissions, wore beer jackets and dirty saddle shoes with cultivated nonchalance. Correct in green and white, we filed into Chapel on Founder's Day to hear Professor Lyman Kittredge speak on "Hamlet." Mary Cameron Buford was awarded a silver cup as victor of the tennis tournament, and the class of '40 won the interclass tennis tournament. At this point fate stepped in and delivered several packages to the post office box of the junior president. Investigation proved that the contents were intact: Betty Conant, Mary Cam Buford, Mary Ann Hessentahler, Gertrude Jenks, and Elizabeth King were unwrapped and proved to be our class officers.

We were amazed to find nine of our members participating in Riding Meet, while three freshmen made the undefeated varsity hockey team. Although strongly individualistic, we all remembered certain things about that first semester: the rain falling softly as we sang "Follow the Gleam" at Candlelight service, a red branch glimpsed through the Library window, the Christmas story, and standing in the snow around the lighted Christmas tree after Nativity.

Our introduction to the rituals of exam time resulted in a Freshman Honor Roll of five students, who strove to Establish Academic Standing for the class criticized as too social. We applauded the McCallum-Cahalane team at Geneva supper and again at Vaudeville, "Left Swing," which was also memorable for the superb characterization of the B's by Dorothy Mountain and Adele Mills. Particularly vivid in our minds are the fiery mass meeting concerning News and the Calendar Committee, and the equally fiery June day of the European history exam in the Doll's House.

The troubled years, the clouded years continued. Hatred and injustice grew in the Eastern hemisphere, the League faltered, and Japan began to pour troops into China. The government, harassed by the labor situation, formed a peace policy of Watchful Isolation with Tolerance toward warring nations. College students everywhere were aware of the tremendous problems facing the nation's leaders. Returning to Wheaton with grave sophomore responsibilities, we felt also the challenge to learn, to absorb wisdom, to analyze and decipher our minds. Slowly, during the year, we began to think more clearly, to puzzle out the macrocosmic and microcosmic relationships which lead to an integrated understanding of man.

We again entered the Chapel in green sweaters on Founders' Day to hear Lewis Mumford talk on "Modern Architecture," and took part in the Barrie evening of Founders' Day Plays that night. One noon a russet clad messenger summoned passers-by to Hebe Court, where sophomores were holding an unveiling ceremony with statues of Roman mythology. As the sheets dropped from each figure in classic dress, the new officers appeared: Mary Cam Buford, Mary Ann Hessentahler, Eleanor Wells, Ruth Warren, and Betsey Schadt. During the fall we paid Libe fines, worked in Nursery school, went to Boston Saturday on the C.G.A. bus and came back with a corsage of violets to wear to church the next morning.

Sophomore Hop brought the continental atmosphere of a sidewalk cafe with striped awnings, checked tablecloths, travel posters, flower pots, and the French waitresses of a Parisian boîte. We next turned our attention to Mummers' Play. Betsey Schadt, Master of Revels, led the Mummers through Emerson and Everett shrieking "Hail to Britannia" which echoed down the nights and down the days of winter vacation. For weeks after Agna Enters appeared at Wheaton we made dramatic entrances into classrooms and dramatic exits from C.G.A. cabinet meetings. The

lilac behind Everett. We found it along the brook that runs through the pines, and in the white, white fields where we picked daisies for the Class Day daisy chain. But perhaps our spring centered about May Day, when Constance Anderson was crowned one of the loveliest May Queens Wheaton has yet seen; when members of the class walked in the Court and danced before the Queen's throne in the Dimple.

The most turbulent year since the Treaty of Versailles had brought Democracy face to face with Dictatorship. Nazi persecution and



*Seniors at work*

Parks returned from abroad and were serenaded on a snowy night by the entire student body.

Vaudeville, "Yearning for Learning," was produced in February with Dr. Lange and Miss Faries in conspicuous roles. "Gee, Must Be Love," written by Dorothy Fisher and Janet McKenna, achieved an instant and lasting success. Our Pegasus rings were presented to us during a lull in the Tacky party. When officers were announced we found members of our class in every organization, among them Eleanor Wells, Editor of NIKE.

There was something particularly beautiful about that part of the year following Easter vacation:—the bittersweet quality of spring after a long severe winter, the nostalgic fragrance of the baby's breath and the spires of

triumphs, the "peace" of Munich, reinforcement of the Maginot line, found complement here in the States in political purges, in the struggles for reform and recovery. Editorials in college newspapers asked for a united front against the forces of prejudice and propaganda. We were surer now of ourselves, more selective, less apt to rationalize. Just as geometric figures had become a philosophy and poetry had become an emotion, we began to be able to see through a glass darkly beyond the external order of things to their essential reality.

We had no sooner arrived on campus as juniors than a hurricane passed through Norton, taking with it part of Larcom roof and Dr. Park's weathervane, as well as completely destroying the college pines. Miss Osborne



arrived immediately afterward to advocate up-swept hair, posture classes, and the poise that would electrify men into sudden proposals. Recovering from the effects of mud packs and mild baths, we took time out to pass judgment on five convicts in a chain gang—the bars and stripes forever. . . . Sentenced in court to a year's hard labor as the new class officers were Mary Ann Hessentahler, Betsey Schadt, Virginia Ely, Alison Kimpton, and Marianna Rehling. Howard Mumford Jones, the Founders' Day speaker, discussed "The Weight of Our Humility," which called forth much comment among the English majors. That evening the class presented "Grown Up" written by Beth Fiske, directed by Marion Hubbell, and enjoyed by everyone.

One of the high lights of the fall was the junior-freshman bacon bat. We received regular letters from Ellen Bamberger and Luella Davis, studying in France, and from Mary Carpenter who spent the year at Exeter in England. Several juniors took part in the Dance Symposium, and our president did nobly at the Al Warner-Lovin Bloom "Information Please." Juniors also appeared in Nativity Play during Christmas week.

In January Ruth Warren received the gold Phi Beta Kappa key, which merited a special song all for herself. People went away for long week ends on the snow trains and came back on crutches. Hanya-Holm came and conquered Wheaton to such an extent that she made a return engagement for Vaudeville in the person of Helen Kingsley. "Hysteria Repeats Itself," featuring Mrs. Korsch, Mrs. Potter-Potter and Prudence Olivia Ballantine, was a tremendous success with "This Is a Song, Without Any Words"—as the *pièce de resistance*. At election time five juniors: Priscilla Howard, Ruth Darnell, Marion Hubbell, Jeanne Adams, and Betty Shaw took over the offices of C.G.A., Y.W.C.A., D.A., A.A., and News for better or for worse. One of the most violent room-choosings in history took place on a mild April evening.

Junior-Senior Prom moved from the Gym to a Manhattan penthouse with skyscrapers,

neon lights, and the Hudson river gleaming beyond the roof. There were triangular blue and silver lights, a chromium Brenda Frazier bar, and collapsible pine trees along the stage . . . . Names in the news included Beth Fiske who was chosen as Geneva scholar with Natalie Fairchild as alternate; with Betty Conant they sailed on the Volendam at the end of June. Marion Hubbell played the lead in the Harvard-Wheaton play "Arms and the Man," and Harriot Gallagher was elected Head of the Dance Group. . . . Four (4) juniors won athletic honors in the form of a white blazer: Betty Conant, Bertinia Dickson, Barbara Lathrope, and Janet MacPherson. Hilde Richard was accepted as the recipient of the Refugee scholarship Fund, and the semester ended with the college excited about S.A.B. to be started during the summer under the direction of Messrs. Hornbostle and Bennett.

Two decades after Versailles a European war was declared whose reverberations shake the foundations of the earth. The union of totalitarian Germany and the Soviet Union was a staggering blow to democracies everywhere. In the time of the blackout of hopes of the peoples of a continent, the government has restated our neutrality, made great efforts toward defense at home. As seniors the class of 1940 have found a very real responsibility in equipping themselves to take their place in a world torn by strife. Affirmation has become the keyword in the new creed.

The year began auspiciously at Birchmont, which set the tone for subsequent "game nights" in the Sem, and achieved new goals in the C.G.A. policy. At Chapel the senior officers: Betty Conant, Mary Ann Hessentahler, Julia Billings, Ruth Haslam, and Marianna Rehling, wearing caps and gowns and carrying white roses, led the class in the front door for the first time! We attended Founder's Day to hear Mary Ellen Chase speak on "The Author and His Reader": we helped win Riding Meet for the fourth consecutive time, and aided in lengthening the Christmas vacation by a day. We thought

our Nativity Play the most beautiful ever presented, with Dorothy Sanborn an unrivaled Madonna in a red velvet gown. The morning before vacation was quite unforgettable; shivering seniors wrapped sheets about them and formed a wavering line across campus clutching candles and singing off tune. This semester we helped Hebe Take a Holiday in Vaudeville, introduced Friday night sings at the Sem, and completely aced the college with ten engagements! (We have also applied for a marriage course.) Supper at Dr. Park's, faculty teas, victorious swimming meets filled our days. Seniors personified the Virtues in the May Court, and danced their last dance in the Gym at Prom. At Last Chapel we relinquished, a little sadly, our

last claim on undergraduate life, and looked forward to two days at Manomet before Commencement.

Four years . . . gradually the various things we have felt and have done in this time fall into place, like pieces of a Chinese puzzle. We have faith in ourselves and in our desire to do some part in the work of remaking the world. We find identity with the earth and the people walking the streets and the steel towers vaulting into the sky. We have faith that the natural order of the beautiful and good must eventually reassert itself in a doctrine of affirmation.

*"Believe*

*America is promises to  
Take!"*

## CLASS WILL

THE Class of 1940 leaves, weather permitting, the Sem as always, and, convinced that who drinks shall thirst for more, dedicates its desire for a more abundant life to the juniors. To the rest of the student body the senior class bequeaths profound intelligence, its lack of intellectuality, and its supreme confidence in the faculty. We also leave the Administration to rest in peace.

Betty Adams leaves the Hills of Brooklyn.

Jeannie Adams leaves sporting her diploma.

Connie Anderson leaves her vagueness to Ellen Greeley.

Monnie Armstrong leaves leaping and running.

Marge Bach leaves Mr. Cutler to walk campus alone.

Enzie Bamberger leaves with Mut in her eye.

Betty Barker leaves with designs on Macy's.

Ruth Bartlett leaves the library unreserved.

Ellen Berney leaves Everett appalled.

Barbara Bestor leaves Witter bounce.

Julie Billings leaves her love of Spanish to Yvonne Bersia.

Nat Blaisdell leaves her trips to Dartmouth to Billie Godfrey.

Blodge leaves her hair to Fran Lawler for that social twirl.

Kathe Bredow leaves her sweaters to the Finns.

Anne Breeding leaves her conducting ability to Mr. Garabedian.

Brillie leaves one institution for another.

Helen Broadbent leaves philosophically.



Marion Browne leaves with Tim on her hands.  
Pete Brunel leaves for New Hampshire.  
Betty Brust leaves for sunnier climes and warmer Wrays.  
Wako leaves Lit for England.  
Chevie leaves shuddering.  
Priscilla Collins leaves, Buffaloed.  
Betty Conant leaves her laugh to Helen Hitchcock.  
Dorothy Daley leaves Miss Shepard's English classes to Lillian Dillaber.  
Ruth Darnell leaves her Quaker conscience to Evelyn Adams.  
Luella Davis leaves all keyed-up.  
Jane Dent leaves her mark on the Dean's table.  
Teenie Dickson leaves her extra athletic hours to Pat Keelan.  
Loie Dyer leaves Everett Parlor unmanned.  
Alice Einstein leaves for happier Hunting grounds.  
Elsa Ekberg leaves, by George!  
Natalie Fairchild leaves a long history.  
Beth leaves the international situation to Fiske itself.  
Dot Fitting leaves her Sunday afternoons with Knapton to do.  
Lilian Freeman commutes.  
Re Freeman leaves Daley.  
Edna Frieder leaves her course outlines to Jean Nevius.  
Hats Gallagher leaves her dance costume to Joan G.  
Suzzy Glascock and Char Witter leave together.  
Guth leaves Yaling for Jay.  
Eleanor Hargan lets the swimming pool go to Heller.  
Gertie Haslem leaves her ideas on how to make a million dollars to the Art Center.  
Mary Heald leaves her venetian blinds to the White House.  
Anneliese leaves the Navy to the Kidd.  
Hessy leaves her neatness to Mary Craig.  
Katie Higgins leaves her atoms to Eve.  
Trudy leaves Hills to the campus.  
Ruth Hirsch leaves only to make up.  
Lennie Hodges leaves her red hair to Hebe.  
Priscilla Howard leaves C.G.A. harried.  
Barbara Howe leaves her bow and arrow to Errol Flynn.  
Phyl Howe willingly leaves the lilies and François to the Botany department.  
Mary Hubbard leaves the History department to her father.  
Hubby leaves as a Senior to return with the Freshmen.  
Gertrude Jenks and Anne Pedrick leave with one Maine purpose.  
Buzzy leaves Sistie to her hated education.  
Barby Jordan leaves to Don wedding apparel.

Gerry Kane exits dramatically.  
Allie Kimpton leaves Stanton for a better rat race.  
Barbie-and-Jan leaves.  
Ruth Lawrence leaves her carefully modulated voice to Willy Martin.  
Jan Lynch leaves with one paper still unwritten.  
Bysshe Lynen leaves us all exhausted.  
Connie Maheu leaves Formal Seating to Barbee Drew.  
Marge McCully leaves in spite of transfers.  
Barbara Merriam leaves three-day liquid diets to Marty's.  
Jane Morgan leaves her alacrity to Patty Moses.  
Betty Morse leaves Norton for Lin.  
Marge Munkenbeck leaves after Macking good.  
Jan Neal leaves very much Donne in.  
Aud Picken leaves her papers for Budding romance.  
Marge Reese leaves the family reputation intact.  
Topsy Rehling leaves Wilbur, the raccoon coat to Pat Kuehner.  
Berta Rowland leaves her skiing ability to Sissy Kline.  
Betty Russell leaves with hardly a stir.  
Kay Ryder leaves all choir on the western front.  
Dot Sanborn has taken all her cuts and leaves.  
Betsey Schadt leaves the limelight to Jacky Paul.  
Nancy Scott leaves to become a Mademoiselle.  
B. Shaw slips out of the News.  
Dot Silverstein goes to David.  
Jane Simpson leaves this time for better or worse.  
Ida Snow leaves learning for teaching.  
Laurie leaves for Birchmont!!  
Laurie leaves for Birchmont!!  
Bev Stevens leaves her place in choir to Harriet Hume.  
Barbara Templin leaves for Port.  
Ann Tomkinson leaves her sophistication to Lois Johnson.  
Franny Trowt leaves for deeper waters.  
Eunie Warner leaves to Kilham at Yale.  
Ruth Warren leaves the Economics department with a deficit.  
Franny Weaver leaves with her Math, possibly to get more light on the subject.  
Dot Wellington leaves, having successfully met her Waterloo.  
Ellie Wells leaves versatily.  
Nancy Wolf leaves her devil-may-care attitude to Abbie Ilsley.  
Betty Wray leaves on the first of the month with one bill unpaid.  
Zimmer leaves her Cummings and goings on the C.G.A. bus.





ELIZABETH ADAMS  
Hanover, Connecticut

*English*

Betty often called in her official capacity to borrow a pink hassock for the next Dramatic Association play; and stayed to tell us of her last week end, when she went home to ski, or dashed up to Worcester to see Northwest Passage. She belonged to Psyche, Art Club, the varsity riding squad; and to the crowd of Cragin seniors who dined bi-weekly on hamburgers and electric grill coffee, the envy of the underclassmen who had to eat out when they celebrated.

JEANNE ADAMS  
Shaker Heights, Ohio

*Art*

Jeanne wears the smoothest navy blue ski-suit we have seen, and constantly amazes us by combining an interest in Art with a firm upholding of all that is athletic. She became one of the campus leaders this year as president of A.A.; and this year we have seen lovely pictures of her on the bulletin board, performing with the Wheaton Dance Group. She was a member of Art Club, and has taken part in class basketball, hockey, and tennis.



CONSTANCE BAINBRIDGE ANDERSON  
Burlington, New Jersey

*English*

The beauty for a May Queen and Spirit of Spring; the brain for a secretary and vice-president of Psyche and an unforgettable masterpiece in Rushlight; the brawn of a "college athlete" in Vaudeville: these are Connie. For four years she wrote for News and then turned her abilities to NIXE, to become assistant literary editor. We'll miss seeing her at breakfast in Marty's, at the Inn for afternoon tea, in the corner Stanton room at her typewriter, and shouting across to Wolf. Connie was a member of I.R.C. and Art Club.



MONICA BLACKWOOD ARMSTRONG

Warren, Pennsylvania

*Psychology*

In between swimming meets and dance recitals we've seen Monnie puzzling over advertisements for News, of which she was Advertising Manager, and have heard her voice with Strophe. In her spare minutes she went to Annapolis, and in the time that was left she went to classes. She roomed with Jean on first floor Larcom, campus side, and if you were ever hot and thirsty you didn't look when you passed. They kept dozens of cokes on the window sill!!



MARGERY JANE BACH

New York, New York

*History*

Marge was the charter member of the Gas House Gang who never *could* sit still longer than fifteen minutes! Her work in History earned her a place in Agora, and she was a member of Music Club, perhaps through the virtuosity she displayed in that great organization known as Anne Breeding and Her Brood. She was on class athletic teams, and a member of I.R.C. Art Club, and Camera Club, besides being headline editor of News her junior and senior years.



ELLEN BAMBERGER

West Orange, New Jersey

*French*

Enzie was one of the trio who left the green grass of Wheaton to cross the Atlantic and study abroad. While at the Sorbonne she wrote us fascinating letters describing French life, and we followed her in the columns of News. Enzie's club membership covers a variety; I.R.C., Romance Languages and others. The most fascinating thing she ever wrote, which we can't forget, was a character sketch of herself, modest to extreme. Imagine Enzie as a dachshund! We can't, but then Socrates said, "Know thyself," so-o-o-







ELIZABETH LAWTON BARKER

Fall River, Massachusetts

*Art*

Betty once did the costuming for Mummers' Play, and the art editing for NIKE, but her talents weren't confined to those alone. Passers-by in Stanton often looked into the Chaos that she shared with Wolf to see her sewing a fine seam for herself, and heard her wailing that Relatives were coming, and Chaos must become Order. A News staff with shattered nerves working on the floor below suspected this Art Club member of being a tap dancer at heart.

RUTH BARTLETT

South Duxbury, Massachusetts

*French*

A knock at the door, a silent twist of the knob, a frightful leer that nearly sent Tibby into hysterics; it's Ruthie playing Frankenstein to frighten the whole dormitory. And when she went off for a week end, Cragin was left in such peculiar quiet without the Romance Languages Club president, that it was even more frightening. As managing editor of News, Ruthie kept Stanton B in perpetual laughter. She belonged to Psyche, and Art Club. Wheaton knitters and gullible listeners will remember her long yarns forever.



ELLEN CONE BERNEY

Baltimore, Maryland

*Art*

Years from now we will still have a mental picture of Ellen leaning against the fire bell in Everett and making us stand outdoors in the chill night while Teddy Mann took a picture. The thing that made us maddest was that we never got a glimpse of that picture! But Ellen should have a laurel crown for all the things she's achieved as house chairman of Everett, head of the refugee fund, athlete, and member of most of the clubs on campus.



BARBARA LOUISE BESTOR

Bloomfield, Connecticut

*Chemistry*

We wonder how science majors manage to have any extra hours for anything else to do, but they all seem to. Bobby was president of Science Club and has been a member of it for two years. She was assistant S.A.B. chairman, and then chairman on her own, and we saw her in Vaudeville her sophomore year. We think her prize achievement is knitting slip-ons and then cutting them up the front to make cardigans. These small people are always so clever, and they all seem to be knitters!



JULIA LOIS BILLINGS

Brighton, Massachusetts

*French*

Julie always had "so-o-o-o much to do," and she was "so-o-o-o *dumb*" when it came to exams!! But, besides being just about the busiest girl in college, she was house chairman in Metcalf, secretary of the senior class, and belonged to Romance Languages Club and German Club. Her stupidity (about which we were always puzzled) took her to an envied place on the Dean's List; and the Gas House Gang will miss her vivacity and her laugh, when it studies for exams.

NATALIE BARTLETT BLAISDELL

Belmont, Massachusetts

*Psychology*

One of the biggest moments in our college career was when we heard a great racket one cold morning in February, and peered sleepily out to see Nat and Ann starting off for Dartmouth with skis and poles, and bags full of snow apparel—and not a sign of snow on the bare ground! Nat belonged to Music Club for three years, and was in Choir and the Understudy Dance Group. In her senior year she played on the class hockey team—probably caught the germ from Breeding. (!)





BARBARA WARREN BLODGETT

Wellesley, Massachusetts

*Psychology*

In the fall, the Boston Herald published a picture of Blodgie seated on the Norton fire truck, a chief's hat on her head, and looking quite professional. Blodgie trained for college fire chief on the Varsity hockey team, as assistant advertising manager of News, and on the Rushlight staff. She belonged to Science Club, Der Deutsche Verein, and Art Club, and was very kind to us this year, for not once did the fire alarm ring out before dawn and send us out onto a grey campus. We slept in peace.

KATHERINE IRMA BREDOW

Westfield, New Jersey

*Psychology*

We met Kathe in the Norton post office one day calmly taking charge of numberless nursery school children, all of them mailing Valentines. "Come now, take your partner's hand, and we'll go back again." She was being very serious. A few days later we heard her ardently discussing with Mrs. Boas the merits of Will Cuppy's "How to Tell Your Friends From the Apes." A girl of many natures! As photographer for NIKE, and News, and secretary of the Camera Club, Kathe's constant companion was her camera. She also belonged to Psyche.



ANNE BREEDING

Rye, New York

*Psychology*

Introducing—Maestra Breeding and Her Brood, that versatile group of musicians led by that versatile conductor who has done so much in athletics, what with varsity basketball and hockey, and class baseball and swimming, that one has to be told of her musicianship before one ever knows. In truth, she and her followers were so quiet when they rehearsed (they did it on the sly!) that no one suspected the talent that was hidden under the ivy-covered walls of Chapin.





ELEANOR THOMPSON BRILL

Trenton, New Jersey

*Psychology*

This winter Brillie was the victim of a New England blizzard, and spent the night in Bonny Brook with the Hunts and the Goldmeiers, to come back and find that her adventure was the talk of the campus, and the lead story in News. She lived in Chapin in the midst of Breeding's mythical musical Brood, where she conducted the business management of Dramatic Association. During her junior year, Brillie joined the Understudy Group, and this year became a member of the Wheaton Dance Group.



HELEN IRMA BROADBENT

Attleboro, Massachusetts

*Philosophy*

Mathematics is closely parallel to Philosophy, they tell us; and the shortest distance between two points is a straight line. We often try to correlate all this when we see Helen journeying from Chapel to Library, and back again. We've seen her reserving Bell and Spengler for Aesthetics, and admired her courage in majoring in the most upsetting subject of them all. Helen was a frequent visitor to the archery range beyond the College Pines, and as a freshman was on the varsity archery team.



MARION CAROLINE BROWNE

Fairhaven, Massachusetts

*Psychology*

Jitterbugs have nothing on Jumping Jive with a big smile behind the wheel, and Brun behind the smile, whipping off to Providence; or to meet freshmen in her capacity as social chairman. And how well do we remember in junior year when Marion's room was literally lined with five-dollar bills because she was treasurer of C.G.A. Two other years she complemented the lovely ladies of the May Queen's court; she belonged to Art Club, and was on Dean's List.





LOIS GILLETTE BRUNEL  
Concord, New Hampshire

*Art*

Peter has some of the most beautiful books in her library, and the loveliest pictures on the walls of her room! She's a member of Art Club, and Camera Club, and was art editor of *Rushlight* for two years, so it's easy to see she has excellent taste. One week end, when she wasn't at New Hampshire State, she represented Wheaton in skiing at the Middlebury Carnival, and when she hasn't anything else to do, she sits on the floor at a Cragin Sunday musicale and knits lovely cardigans.

BETTY JANE BRUST  
New Haven, Connecticut

*Psychology*

Every time we think of Betty we think of a lovely photograph in Vantine's window—and when we passed it we plucked at our companion's sleeve and said, "See that girl—the pretty one? I know her; *she* goes to Wheaton!" And go to Wheaton she does, and she has had a finger in many figurative pies; Art Club, Science Club, and International Relations Club, and when her class gave Mummer's play, she was in charge of lighting. We know from experience that lighting is a terrific responsibility.



MARY ALYS CARPENTER  
Boonton, New Jersey

*English*

Briefly, Wako flashed across our consciousness Freshman year, with her "Hail to thee, blythe spirit" disposition, and we missed her when she went to England for her junior year. This year she was back again, with stories of Exeter, and her collection of coins with which she quizzes Connie and Frannie. She was on Dean's List too, and was a member of I.R.C.; and we think she should start a stamp collection from all the English mail that filled her box when the boat came in.



RUTH LOIS CHEVERS  
Orange, Connecticut

*Zoology*

The best thing about Chevie is the way she can turn up at a dinner party in an afternoon dress and ski boots, and carry it off perfectly!! She spends a lot of time being president of Camera Club, and the rest of her time she is in the Zoo labs. And then, in her spare time, she belonged to Psyche and some other clubs; was on News and varsity badminton and golf, and is just one of those generally famous seniors around campus.



PRISCILLA STODDART COLLINS  
Buffalo, New York

*History*

Priscilla is the first of the Collins-Daley-Freeman-Merriam quartet, and her favorite pastime is drinking coffee and eating too many cupcakes in D.'s room. One day in Sophomore year she cycled, with Sue King, to Taunton, and surprised the Fire Department by asking where Woolworth's was! She was a reporter of News, and has belonged to International Relations Club, Romance Languages Club, and Camera Club for two years. Most often seen: sprinting up to the reserve alcove and breathlessly asking for Barnes.



BETTINA GRAY CONANT  
Whitman, Massachusetts

*History*

Wheaton worried about Betty from the day that war was declared until she finally reached campus and safety in the fall, only to undergo a criminal barrage of questions about European conditions. And she came out smiling, as usual. Betty's Wheaton life has been a series of presidencies and athletic victories. She was class president as a freshman, and senior, and has been secretary and vice-president of C.G.A. The athletic association proudly presented a star basketball and tennis player her Wheaton blazer last year.







DOROTHY DICKSON DALEY  
Albany, New York

*English*

When D. copped the prize for the tackiest costume at the Sophomore-Senior Tacky Party, both years, we could hardly believe that this neat person could have looked so horrible! D's hobby is developing and printing her own snapshots, and she has belonged to Camera Club; she was in choir, and Founders' Day plays, and played on class basketball teams. Her coffee is the talk of Stanton, and when she has any other free time she knits socks, big ones, little ones, and medium ones for herself.

RUTH WILLS DARNELL  
Moorestown, New Jersey

*Chemistry*

The first time we saw Ruth she was explaining how to use colored index tabs, and she said, "If you can't read you can tell by the colors!" Then she was secretary of Y.W.C.A., and since then she has been vice-president, and president. In her junior year she was assistant house chairman, and she has belonged to Science Club for two years. We think she deserves laurels for coming unscathed through two years of her roommate; but then, only someone with a sense of humor like hers could do it.



LUELLA DAVIS  
Malden, Massachusetts

*French*

*Phi Beta Kappa*

We were just beginning to be accustomed to seeing her in the Libe, and knowing who she was, when junior year came, and Luella went—to France. But this year she made a big place for herself in Wheaton's memory as a Phi Bete, way up on the Dean's List, and a member of Romance Languages Club, Der Deutsche Verein and Camera Club. And we applauded heartily though silently, when Luella was awarded half of the Phi Beta Kappa scholarship.

MARGARET JANE DENT  
Allentown, Pennsylvania

*Sociology*

Jane was made up with a bald head and a pillow, and stormed Vaudeville as Dr. Hubbard. She knows every line of Vachel Lindsay's "Mumbo Jumbo, King of the Congo" and has a notebook filled with poetry for oral interpretation. This year Jane became president of Strophe, and as Community Service chairman was on Y.W. cabinet, was an active member of Dramatic Association, and belonged to Music Club and I.R.C.



BERTINIA EDITH DICKSON  
Germantown, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

*Psychology*

Glimpses of Teenie flashing down the athletic field in the blue tunic of varsity hockey or lacrosse, or racing down the pool in the annual triangular swimming meet—bustling along to class in her well-earned A.A. blazer, or off to Boston. Proud to be a member of the Gas House Gang, she also did her bit of playing as a performing musician in the Brood, under Breeding's able baton. She was assistant house chairman of Larcom, and belonged to Art Club.



LOIS MIRIAM DYER  
West Hartford, Connecticut

*French*

Loie is an evied gal. In the post office, she claims honors for getting more mail (pun unintentional) than any other Wheatonite. In Vaudeville, two Jo-College youths stamped in to Mrs. Potter, looking for her. In a News editorial that enthused over the riding meet week end, the editor exclaimed that "even Lois Dyer will remain on campus." Loie was a member of German Club and I.R.C., and among the senior athletes, she took part in hockey, basketball, and May Day tumbling.





ALICE ELIZABETH EINSTEIN  
New York, New York

*Psychology*

"Stone walls do not a prison make," and this year the car Tovarich helped break down the barrier between Wheaton and the outside world for Al, the Drip Sassiety, and other scholastic inmates. Al's career has been a checkered one; and this year she proudly became the captain of the senior basketball team, which she points out as her Greatest Achievement. A member of Psyche and I.R.C., Al went with Bysshe on Sunday nights to disrupt the Hunt household, and to visit "the B's."

ELSA MIRIAM EKBERG  
West Point, Virginia

*Art*

The Metcalf first floor phone rings every night at ten o'clock; if it never rang any other time it would ring at ten for Elsa, and we don't need to tell you who it is. When she wasn't telephoning Elsa was in the understudy dance group and was on the senior hockey team. She belonged to International Relations Club, Camera Club, and Art Club, and made annual May Day appearances in the Dimple with May Queen's Court.



NATALIE MARION FAIRCHILD  
Reading, Massachusetts

*History*

Nat spent last summer in Europe, bicycling, studying as the alternate Geneva scholar, and having a wonderful time; while the rest of us sat by the radio, worried about international affairs, and wondered if Agora's president would ever return. Dean's List will sound empty without her name next year, and May Day, without her costumes, will never be the brilliant pageant that made 1939 so colorful. Nat belonged to Art Club, recited with Strophe, directed programs for I.R.C., and last year won the Lydia Dorman religion prize.





BETH HARRIET FISKE  
Shaker Heights, Ohio

*Economics*

Beth started at Wheaton among the literary circle; she joined News and as a sophomore wrote a play, successfully produced at Founder's Day. Then she amazed us by making a complete about-face turn and becoming 1939's Geneva scholar! The president of I.R.C. lived in Everett officially, but had one of the alcoves in Hebe permanently reserved. There she studied, (was it in Purgatory or Heaven?) and there she brought callers. Beth was also a member of Agora.



DOROTHY FITTING  
Nutley, New Jersey

*History*

Every time we are down in Metcalf Basement we see Dot, with Elsa and Marge, playing bridge, or just talking. But she must do something else, because she was a member of Art Club, International Relations Club, and Camera Club, and was on class swimming and hockey teams. When she isn't calling on the Knapton's on Sunday afternoons she's riding down to New York with Marge. We wonder how many miles they've run up this year, and what records they've broken.

LILIAN FLORENCE FREEMAN  
Chartley, Massachusetts

*Psychology*

"Let's stop and buy vanilla ice cream, so we can have hot apple pie a la mode when we get home," and the rest of us drool helplessly as Lilian and Ruthie drive off, with satisfied expressions on their faces. Lilian was a member of Music Club, I.R.C., Classical Club, and Romance Languages Club, and has been one of the sopranos in choir who will be sadly missed next year. We've spent most of the year envying her lovely hair and happy disposition.





MARION LOUISE FREEMAN  
Branford, Connecticut

*English*

No, you aren't seeing double when you walk in back of two identically dressed people. It's just Re and Barby with two more dresses exactly alike. But we'd *like* to see double when we look at their connecting singles, so we could take one copy home for ourselves! Re was in Choir three years, and, by virtue of her merit in English and History, was a member of Psyche and Agora. She was on Dean's List too, and was a member of Camera Club.

EDNA JANE FRIEDER  
Cincinnati, Ohio

*Psychology*

Last summer Edna went to China, and came back with tales of adventure, an album of snapshots Orientale, and lacquered pieces to transform a New England Everett room into an echo of a distant world. A member of Play Club, she spent many afternoons and evenings doing volunteer work; and at regular intervals we've enviously seen notices on the bulletin board reading, "Driving to New York. Passengers wanted. Leaving Friday early!" Edna was a member of Strophe, Press board, and the NIKE photography board.



HARRIOT NAIDENE GALLAGHER  
East Sandwich, Massachusetts

*History*

Hats first came to college attention and class attention as a mischievous little urchin throwing spitballs in the Freshman skits. Then she became the little girl in Mummers' Play and this year grew up to lead the Dance Group. Her rise in Wheaton glory was largely in the college gym, in the pool with varsity swimmers, in Dance Group recitals, in Founders' Day plays, and practicing for her part in two May Day pageants. Hats was a member of I.R.C.



SUSAN HARMON GLASCOCK

Marshall, Virginia

*Psychology*

Suzzy has a lazy southern drawl, wears vari-colored shoes, fantastic necklaces, and forever carries embryonic sweaters in her hand. She was one of the Senior card-sharks, and sat down to a long hand of bridge with the greatest calm, the night before that first Greek Mythology exam, while the rest of the class was in a perfect dither. Biweekly the Seniors gathered in her room for five-course meals. Suzzy is a member of Science Club.



JEAN ELIZABETH GUTHRIE

Charleston, Virginia

*History*

Of course Joe Penner and Jean are kindred spirits! Ducks, and then some! Only Jean always gets papers and assignments done weeks ahead of time—and we don't know Joe that well. After the papers were well out of the way she had time to belong to Dramatic Association and I.R.C. as well as being very active on the business staff of News and NIKE. This year she was on Press board, too; but no publicity about those odd Valentines!



ELEANOR HARGAN

Brooklyn, New York

*Philosophy*

We will always remember Eleanor "cleaving with pliant arm the glassy wave," as Captain of Wheaton's swimming team. She was vice-president of A.A. in her junior year, and vice-president of Strophe, too. Before we ever knew her very well, we read all about her swimming feats in News, from the very beginning, and wondered who this remarkable person could be. Then we discovered that she was as nice as she was remarkable, and we were proud to know her.







RUTH GERTRUDE HASLAM  
Providence, Rhode Island

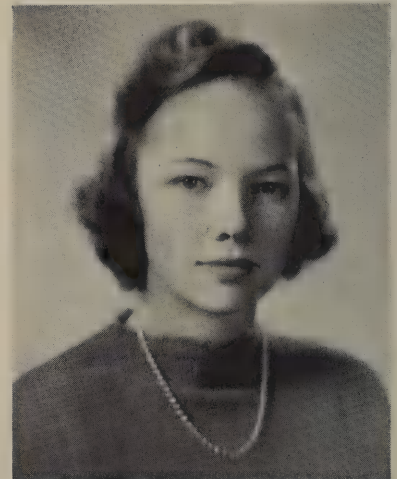
*Chemistry*

Haslam was the college wit, the proud possessor of the high-score cup for interclass swimming, the dragon that guarded the treasury of the senior class. She made the most wonderful speeches we've ever heard; non-professional to amuse us, professional, as part of her work on Y.W. Cabinet, to inspire us on to greater things. Wherever we turned, we met her; on the hockey field playing fiercely, in the dorm with boxes of Y.W. candy, and at meetings of the Science Club.

MARY ELIZABETH HEALD  
Lakeland, Florida

*English*

We wonder if Mary knits blue and orange diamond socks for her brother so she won't be bored on her long trips back and forth to Florida. But she must do her knitting with one hand, because she has done feature stories for News for the last three years, and has belonged to Dramatic Association, Psyche, Strophe, and Art Club. And will you ever forget her as Miss Work in Vaudeville? *That* was a performance that will go down to posterity.



ANNELIESE HEINEN  
Lakewood, New Jersey

*Sociology*

Anneliese was the radical, the reformist, the upholder of the Proletariat. As a sophomore she wore red, and joined Templin's plea for revolt. As a Senior she sat in the Sem one day, and revealed her worry for the world by coloring in the hotel windows of a *Times* advertisement, and showing the "black-out" to everyone around her. Anneliese worked hard with Student Industrial, and with various class teams. She was a member of German Club, and has taught in the Norton Night School.



MARY ANN HESSENTAHLER  
Chillicothe, Ohio

*History*

"Miss Hessie" has trod a Wheaton path lined with honors, offices, and accomplishments, and the one that she is proudest of is her membership in the Gas House Gang. Hessie's beauty has placed her in May Queen's Court; her athletic ability, on the varsity riding team; her grace, with the dance group; and her personality has made her vice-president of the senior class, president as a junior, secretary as freshman, and vice-president as sophomore. She was a member of Agora.



FRANCES CATHERINE HIGGINS  
Peekskill, New York

*Chemistry*

"Ask her anything about the chem department and she'll tell you it!" Katie spends most of her waking hours in the Science lab, the Science Libe, collecting dues and writing letters for Science Club, so we weren't surprised to hear this statement made about her. This year Katie was chairman of the social committee for the Senior class; and Science Building will always remember her as the head of Science Open House, the most fascinating and interesting campus event of 1938-1939.



GERTRUDE HILLS  
Brooklyn, New York

*French*

Trudie has been running around all this year singing arias from "Mignon,"—that's what her Music paper was about. The rest of the time she has been valiantly trying to collect dues for Romance Languages Club, of which she was secretary-treasurer. She was on varsity hockey, class hockey, and baseball, and sang in choir. Now she sings in the bathtub, and after "Mignon," her favorite arias are from "La Boheme," especially "Mi chiamano Mimi" (only we call her "Trudie").





RUTH OLGA HIRSCH  
Newton Centre, Massachusetts

*English*

We pause to give a literary orchid to one whose talent we have admired for many months. Ruth has been one of our leading lights in the poetry field, and we'll miss her contributions to *Rushlight*, of which she was a literary editor. She was a member of *Psyche* and *I.R.C.*, and worked on Press board, and when there were plays to be given she did excellent work as head of make-up. Besides all this, she loves Art with a capital A.

ELEANOR ALICE HODGES  
Winthrop, Massachusetts

*Zoology*

Lennie, the versatile one, was on the News business staff, belonged to Science Club, *I.R.C.*, and won active membership in the Dramatic Association working on lighting, make-up, and props, and taking part in numerous plays. Scientists give her possibilities as a doctor a wonderfully high rating; we always think of her doing "May Night" or "Prom" with the Dance Group; taking part in the class plays, and studying in a corner of Metcalf basement.



PRISCILLA FAY HOWARD  
Worcester, Massachusetts

*German*

*Phi Beta Kappa*

Our C.G.A. president became rattled enough during exams to point out "Mr. Raccoon in his Cutler" to a friend, but in distinct individual fashion, she emerged from midyears a *Phi Bete*. Priscilla learned to govern wisely and well as chairman of the White House, in charge of most unruly freshmen, and Wheatonites lived comfortably this year under a student government that at last, all hail, treated us as though we were "mature." To its former business manager, NIKE presents a blue ribbon of gratitude.





BARBARA HOWE  
Belmont, Massachusetts

*Mathematics*

One day we heard one Freshman saying to another, "You *don't* know Barbara Howe? Why, she *arches*, and she's simply wonderful!" And we smiled smugly, because *we* knew that Barby was head of archery and was on varsity badminton as well. She was a member of I.R.C., and Music Club, and we used to pass her going to Bates where she would play the piano by the hour. She seems to have found, with Mr. Garabedian, that Music and Math are a happy combination.



PHYLLIS JANE HOWE  
Lowell, Massachusetts

*Psychology*

"Is that someone tearing hair?" "It's just Phyl trying to balance someone's books—that job should have been given to someone with a Diesel Engine mind." But Phyl always emerged, undisheveled, and ready to run to the infirmary in the wee, sma' hours for anyone in Chapin, where she was house chairman. She played on the senior hockey team, belonged to Art Club; and when anyone said "Isn't Phyl Howe a riot?" someone would always answer, "Yes, but isn't she just swell!"



MARY DONNELL HUBBARD  
Norton, Massachusetts

*History*

Mary is another of those history majors whose scholarship has carved her a niche in Agora. She has belonged to International Relations Club for four years, and was head of Intercollegiate Conferences when on I.R.C. Council. She has been a member of Romance Languages Club, and is on the Dean's List. Her favorite corner was an alcove in the libe, or in the History Reading Room, and her favorite subject is politics. Expect to see her running for President any day now.





MARION HUBBELL

Rockville Centre, Long Island, New York

*English*

"All the world's a stage" and Wheaton's world was made for Marion. She performed on the hockey field with varsity; in the gym with the basketball best; in chapel with the choir; on the campus on May Day Day with the queen's court. And she's been in nearly every play since she came to college. Last summer she added to her qualifications as Dramatic Association president by joining a summer theatrical group, and bringing back stories that made formal seating, with her as senior head, a looked-forward-to event.

GERTRUDE JENKS  
Wellesley, Massachusetts

*English*

"Horses, horses, horses, silly over horses, horses, horses"—but whoa a minute. In between the horses Jenksie has managed to be business manager of Rushlight, advertising manager of News, and treasurer of her class in Freshman year. She's been on the Riding Team for three years, and the room she shares with Anne is lined with evidences of her love for certain animals. When we first knew her we were almost afraid to ask any questions for fear she'd say "Neigh, neigh."



ANNE WYATT JOHNSON  
West Hartford, Connecticut

*Psychology*

Music Club's secretary came into the Sem one Saturday in the fall, and sat down for a cigarette. "I've just come back from Hartford" she said. Ten minutes later she rose to leave. "And now I'm going on a week end." We pass the story on to Wheaton posterity with the suitable motto, "Live and learn." Buzzie took part in Mummies' play and May Day, and her name was inscribed on the black roadster that guarded Howard Street, and made life for the seniors particularly joyous.



BARBARA RUTH JORDAN  
Worcester, Massachusetts

*English*

We've always heard that good things come in small packages, and Barby has constantly proved it to us. We've watched her swim with the varsity team; seen her modish in riding clothes, performing at the annual October meet; typing her News assignments in Metcalf basement. And when we came into the silence of the gym for Nativity Play we saw her, a little acolyte in red and white. Barby has worked on Press board and as senior chairman of the house-party committee.



EDITH GERALDINE KANE  
Mansfield, Massachusetts

*English*

Gerry always had the biggest smile for everyone on campus. We've often seen her rushing down to Stanton B with a front-page "Question Box," or feature story to delight Shaw's heart, and when she went to Norwood with the journalism class she delighted the hearts of the entire press-room squad with her enthusiasm. Gerry, the senior representative of Nike has been one of the most active Seniors, with membership in Psyche and various other clubs, as chairman of the Y.W. Community service, and director of numerous plays.



ALISON REID KIMPTON  
Boston, Massachusetts

*Philosophy-Religion*

Allie had the sympathy of one and all this year, for she was house chairman of Stanton, a conglomeration of Wolf, Kingsley, Betsey Schadt, News room, education classes, and fourth-floor freshmen. Between that, being banqueted as captain of the riding team, and arranging Play Club activities, her Wheaton life was very full. Allie spent Monday nights with cabinet, attended meetings of Art Club and Psyche, and posed for the newspapers with Flashlight. Only a philosophy-religion major could have so cheerfully survived!







BARBARA LATHROPE  
Morristown, New Jersey

*English*

Barby, we hear, is acquainted with every referee in New England, and they all think she exemplifies the ideal athlete! They must know her record of being on everything that had a varsity team—hockey, basketball, and tennis—besides earning a Wheaton Athletic Association blazer. Maybe, like Popeye and his spinach, she gets that way from eating miles of spaghetti; and playing bridge in Metcalf. Anyway, she does all these things and glories in them.

RUTH LAWRENCE  
Attleboro, Massachusetts

*English*

Ruthie knows *more men!!* At least, when we knew her sophomore year she was always getting blind dates for people, and for one dance practically the whole town of Attleboro was set down on Wheaton's campus. She was head of the day students, and belonged to Psyche, I.R.C., and Strophe, and worked in the Advertising Department of News in her Senior year. She was one of the most obliging people we've ever known, and one of the friendliest.



JANIS ELEANOR LYNCH  
East Hartford, Connecticut

*History*

We wonder if Jan ever slept an eight-hour night at Wheaton. One dawn we found her sleeping over an open notebook in Cragin parlor; that morning she was smiling at breakfast, that night, sandwiching a cigarette in between light dips, preparing for another vigil. It's not amazing, considering her work on Y.W. Cabinet, publicity work for Rushlight, inter-class swimming, and long Classical Club membership. She was a favorite senior in Cragin, and punsters doted on calling her a "sketch".



MARY ANN LYNEN  
Ridgewood, New Jersey

*English*

The reincarnation of P.B. Shelley will be remembered eternally for her puns. They filled Vaudeville; mixed with quotes from Milne, they echoed in the Sem; they evoked dire threats in Stanton B on Wednesday nights when the associate editor insisted on being merry. Bysshe was on the class swimming team and appeared at the pool in a white suit! She made Y.W. posters that were Art, and starred as Dr. Sharp in Vaudeville. A member of Psyche and Camera Club, she was a literary editor of Rushlight.



JANET LOUISE MACPHERSON  
Framingham, Massachusetts

*English*

Every few weeks a bus leaves Howard street and heads for Jackson, Pembroke or Radcliffe, filled with Varsity Wheatonites. Jan is always among them, be it tennis, hockey, lacrosse, or basketball, and without her we fear that our sportsmanship will drop in swift decline. Sports meetings, fall, winter and spring, saw Jan receive a yellow envelope, containing class letters every year, and last year at mass meeting she was awarded an athletic blazer. Jan belonged to choir and I.R.C.



CONSTANCE MARIE MAHEU  
West Hartford, Connecticut

*Psychology*

Remember how mad you used to be when Connie would say, "Oh, I haven't done a thing," and then come out with an A on an hour exam! And then you used to watch enviously as she and the other seven would pile into Char's car and drive gaily away. It was amazing how many other things she delved into besides her major: she was in German Club, Romance Languages Club, Science Club, and choir, and she *never* could stop talking about Maine!





MARJORIE McCULLY  
Pittsfield, Maine

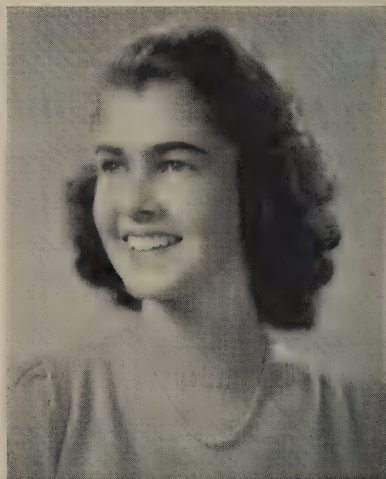
*English*

If we were giving Marge a nickname, we'd call her Sunshine, for she seems to be the happiest senior of them all! We'd also nominate her for courage, for she came to Wheaton as a junior from Westbrook Junior College, with her mind made up to major in English, a department that requires thirty hours! Since she joined us, Marge's name has been added to the membership lists of choir, Psyche, Strophe, and Music Club, of which she is vice-president.

BARBARA MERRIAM  
Dorchester, Massachusetts

*Botany*

Barby shared a connecting single with Re Freeman, one of the prettiest and most feminine places we've seen on campus. But she had to spend most of her waking hours in the Botany lab, or in the College Pines or Norton fields, communing with Nature. As a junior, she was the winner of the Botany prize; and we don't quite see how she managed her active participation in Dramatic Association, and faithful attendance in choir. She was a member of the under-study dance group, and Science and Camera Clubs.



JANE MORGAN  
Hyde Park, Massachusetts

*English*

Jane is one of Rushlight's best friends, and most frequent contributors. As freshmen we looked up to her in awe, wondering how she wrote such lovely poetry, and where she found the time. This year Jane joined the literary seniors on first floor Stanton, and maintained the equilibrium and dignity of a dorm that bordered on sanity's danger line along toward March. Jane sang in choir, and this year joined Camera Club. She was a long-standing member of Psyche.





ELIZABETH LOUISE MORSE

Worcester, Massachusetts

*Zoology*

Betty writes her next name in all her textbooks, on all her class notes, and had the whole campus as excited as she was when her engagement was announced at Christmas time. Last year she helped watch over the trials and tribulations of Everett dorm as assistant house chairman; this year added Science and German Clubs to her extracurricular, as well as class hockey and class tennis team work. She was one of the long-standing members of I.R.C., and took part in Mummers' play.



MARJORIE SHARP MUNKENBECK

Brooklyn, New York

*Psychology*

Marge might almost have been called a commuter this year, so often did she head south to New York, making history for her passengers by driving along the Merritt Parkway without gas, and performing other such daring deeds. However, nursery school knew otherwise, for it saw her long hours, experimenting for Psych., and the Riding Team has met her at sunrise breakfast for three years. As a senior Marge joined Camera Club and I.R.C., and played with the class tennis team.



JANET NEAL

Rochester, New Hampshire

*English*

Every Monday night, Janet entered the swimming race to Sharp's house, and usually won the most comfortable chair before the other metaphysical poetry enthusiasts had half crossed Peacock Pond. During the winter, she spent her week ends on the ski trails, and when spring came, it found her on the miniature links behind the nursery school, supervising Wheaton golf. As a freshman, Janet was a member of choir; as a junior, she made dramatic history with her re-creation of Mrs. Potter in Vaudeville.





ANNE PEDRICK  
Danvers, Massachusetts

*English*

Every time we pass Anne's door, whether we are going in or not we have a terrible time using enough self-control to refrain from touching the little brass knockers. But we still think they should be horses' heads instead of just plain knockers; for then they'd fit into the general scheme of things much, much better. Anne belonged to German Club, Psyche and Strophe, and was chairman of Class Day her senior year. Even though she's leaving, the Pedrick name remains.

AUDREY PICKEN  
Bronxville, New York

*Psychology*

Audrey is the magazine-cover girl whose picture went to every corner of the world once upon a time, on the cover of the Saturday Evening Post. Before we discovered that, we always thought of her as the senior that wrote the longest papers, and sat in Art 28 reading the longest letters we'd ever seen. She has been a member of Psyche, Science Club, and Camera Club, and has worked on News and the NIKE literary staff.



MARJORIE MESIER REESE  
Yonkers, New York

*Mathematics*

Another of those brave souls who can tackle any kind of Math and eat it up! And on Monday nights Marge took her mathematical mind to choir (for Music and Mathematics go hand in hand, you know!) and then taught in the Norton Night School and was a member of Music Club. The day after the big blizzard this year Marge and "a friend" went skiing in the Dimple, and everyone in Cragin was hanging out the windows, watching. "Anything for excitement," Cragin said.



MARIANNA REHLING

Dayton, Ohio

*History*

We'll always think of Topsy lost in a huge worn khaki coat that belonged to Paul; coming into Marty's like a page from *Mademoiselle*, headed for Yale; as one of the riding-team members who rose to breakfast in lonely dawn, so that Wheaton could keep the riding-meet trophy. And we'll always think of her in connection with song, leading the senior serenade, directing the college in "Happy Birthday" to Dr. Park. Topsy was a member of I.R.C. and took part in Mummer's Play as a sophomore.



MYRA ALBERTA ROWLAND

Taunton, Massachusetts

*Zoology*

Several times we've climbed to third floor Everett to find her. We've called her on the campus phone; and always the report is the same, "She'll be back at 5:30." Strange to say, we suspect that Berta lives on a very rigid schedule! This year as chairman of the I.R.C. scholarship fund she arranged a better-than-ever floor show for the Geneva supper, and we actually enjoyed a paltry meal. Alberta is an old stand-by of the Dean's List, has played Senior class hockey, and was a member of German Club, Science Club, Agora, and belonged to choir.



BETTY KEPHART RUSSELL

Bradford, Pennsylvania

*French*

Reese and Russell seem to be considered simultaneously—we can't think of one without the other, but there must be some way to distinguish the two. Oh yes—we used to see Betty at Y.W. Cabinet, and at I.R.C., and Romance Languages Club meetings. She was head of the Norton Night School this year, too, and was corresponding secretary of the N. E. International Relations Clubs. *That's* why she got so much mail—all of New England corresponded with her!







KATHERINE BELDEN RYDER  
Yonkers, New York

*English*

Kay has done so much that we hardly know where to begin. Her work in English has earned her membership in Psyche, and she was president of Music Club, and a member of almost all the other campus organizations. This year she was secretary of choir, and has always been kept busy writing News articles. One of the A.A. blue tunics was made just to fit her, for she held an important place on varsity lacrosse, and along with her other athletics, she was on varsity swimming too.

DOROTHY STRAIGHT SANBORN  
New York, New York

*Art*

The most beautiful senior appropriately majors in art, has appeared for two years in May Day pageants, has decorated for her junior prom. She has studied the world's great masterpieces, but she will never know how lovely she was when, after weeks of wondering and guessing, the Nativity Play finally came to campus and showed her to us as a Botticellian madonna; Wheaton's most famous masterpiece. Dot was a member of the riding team for four years, and this year swam with the seniors.



BETSEY ADAMS SCHADT  
Springfield, Massachusetts

*Zoology*

Betsey juggled feature writing for News with varsity sports, and appearance in May Queen's court. She rode a motorcycle to Stoughton with Kingsley, and the two fell into a puddle. As a sophomore, she song-led; as a junior was class vice-president. She was presented with a vegetable corsage at Marty's, and conspired to make life in Stanton vivid, colorful, and utterly wild. In Vaudeville, she frightened us; as chairman of entertainments, she led us a merry life. Betsey was delightfully wacky!



NANCY McKINLEY SCOTT

Louisville, Kentucky

*Art*

The president of Art Club is scheduled to become a Mademoiselle in the class will. We think she is already, for her picture was in the magazine of her choice one month, and everyone buzzed about it for days. They forgot to say she was a Maid of Honor in the May Court one year, however, and we think this space would be incomplete without the mention of it. Nancy has also belonged to Dramatic Association and Music Club.



ELIZABETH BLAUVELT SHAW

Warwick, New York

*English*

Betty, with mistletoe in her hair, reciting the poem she had just written; gulping coffee at Marty's, to breathlessly dash back to Stanton B and the typewriter; almost frantic on Wednesday nights, when News was going to bed, and the editor was not. When we read the 1939 NIKK, we realized that as literary editor, she had caught with words all that was Wheaton; when we watched the Soph Hop, and Junior Prom, we knew that the decorations were of Shavian originality. All this, and Dean's list, too!

DOROTHY SILVERSTEIN

Cincinnati, Ohio

*Art*

Dot gets first prize for friendliness and sociability; we've been secretly nominating her since we came to Wheaton! She's one of the lucky group that will eat oranges at Manomet, and when she goes back to Ohio and David, she'll bring with her some wonderful water colors of rural New England that have been proudly decorating the new Art studio and campus exhibits this year. Dot is a member of Art club and Psyche, has sung in choir, recited with Strophe, and been photographer for NIKK and News.





IDA MAY SNOW  
Saugus, Massachusetts

*Sociology*

Someone said once that Ida should have been a Greek goddess, with a profile like hers, and everyone agreed. But a Greek goddess just wouldn't fit into all the things Ida has done; imagine one on a class basketball or baseball team, or writing feature stories for News. Olympus would be smoking with the wrath of Jupiter, to see a goddess mingling with mortals. Ida belonged to International Relations Club, too, and was a member of Art Club for three years.

LAURIE STEEL  
Montclair, New Jersey

*English*

Mr. Boas called Everett dining room's song-leader "Wheaton's chief balladeer" when she sang to the Junior tutorial class one afternoon; and it's a bet that she knows more songs than anyone on campus. Everyone knows Laurie; we see her in the Sem, read about her in News, look forward each Saturday to her front-page features, talk to her in Marty's. No one could suitably describe her; it's impossible. NIKE nominates her as Spirit of Wheaton, without whom campus will lose much color, friendliness and animation.



BEVERLY STEVENS  
Lexington, Massachusetts

*Art*

Who will lead the choir in when Bev graduates? She has been one of its backbones for the past four years, and was secretary of it junior year, and president senior year. She belonged to Art Club, too, and was intensely interested in the more cultural things in life, besides week ends at Amherst as well. The other day we found a collection of bee-you-tiful art prints in her bookcase, and now she's the object of our undying envy.





BARBARA LESLIE TEMPLIN  
Port Washington, New York

*Sociology*

Next year the hallowed walls of Sem will crumble into dust, bearing with them the tattered charter of the Drip Sassiety. The president, Sem's pillar, will be gone; Miss Brady's pet problem, the youngest senior, the joy of Mrs. Mac's journalism class, the upholder of the unique, the instigator of the Proletariat cry for "Revolt"; all these will leave Wheaton in the person of Templin. Despite the gym problem, she took part in both interclass swimming and baseball, and has served on the peace committee.



CHARLOTTE ANN TOMKINSON  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

*Music*

When she wasn't away for a long week end, the Class of 1940's only music major wrote snappy songs for Vaudeville that were heard everywhere for many months, and how we loved 'em! But besides her music she manages to play hockey on the class team, belonged to I.R.C. and Art Club, as well as Music Club. We remember her most vividly at formal seating, asking Miss van Ingen about some odd little "rooms" in S.A.B. and her consternation at finding they were broom closets!



FRANCES ELLEN TROWT  
Prides Crossing, Massachusetts

*English*

The president of Der Deutsche Verein, when she isn't bridge-playing in Metcalf basement or Cragin, is hiking back and forth from Everett to see Mrs. Korsch, and Ocean View to see Miss Crawford; arranging German movies, or planning for the Christmas party, the most entertaining celebration of Kris-Kringle time on campus. Frannie attended News teas three years, one of the long-standing reporters on the staff; and we hear that her other interests are all Politics.





EUNICE CHANDLER WARNER  
New Haven, Connecticut

*Mathematics*

As we write this Eunie sits across the room from us in Metcalf Basement intently reading over a paper she has been writing for the last half hour. Kilham's house chairman is a confirmed bridge addict, and both Metcalf and the Sem are within easy reach of her room. Her mathematical mind has made her chairman of the senior finance committee, and a member of Science Club. Her Art-Club mind has helped her do lighting for dramatics for three years, and she was on Dean's List.

RUTH WARREN  
Kennebunk, Maine

*Economics*

*Phi Beta Kappa*

During midyears, a shaggy ankle-length coat named Benny made a daily path to the Libe. Completely submerged within was the house chairman of Larcom, a Phi Bete, a business manager of NIKE, of News, a class treasurer, a member of Agora, and of the varsity tennis team; all of them Ruth Warren. Her room was a miniature State of Maine, with souvenirs of U. of M. maps, and at least thirty-seven pictures of Kenny, Wheaton's best-known man. From Thursday to Tuesday, Ruthie week-ended; and a three-day week was spent at Wheaton, working for honors.



FRANCES WEAVER  
Providence, Rhode Island

*Mathematics*

She delights us when spring comes, and our rugs are covered with winter dust; for Fran knows some powers-that-be at Brown, who initiate the fraternity freshmen by sending them to Wheaton to sweep carpets. It's wonderful! Fran is an almost-commuter to Providence, an almost-coed at Brown, but in between times at Wheaton she goes early to Math classes, studies Euclid and logarithms in the Sem, plays varsity tennis, and belongs to I.R.C. and Science Club.



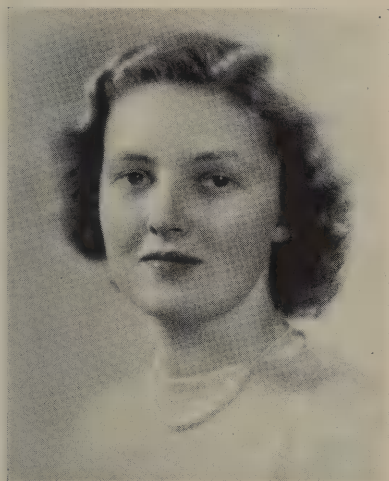
DOROTHY WELLINGTON

Melrose, Massachusetts

*Zoology*

*Phi Beta Kappa*

The Gas House Gang has another Phi Beta Kappa member to be proud of, as a climax to her status on Dean's List for three years. She belonged to Science Club, has been on Y.W. Cabinet, and reported for News. Dot should have learned enough about discipline in her capacity as House Chairman of Cragin to be able to hold her classes well in hand at Syracuse next year. She won the Woods Hole scholarship, and shared half of the Phi Beta Kappa prize.



ELEANOR DAWSON WELLS

San Jose, Costa Rica

*English*

Waiting at Mansfield for the Boston train Ellie once made a velvet cap, the campus rage for weeks. In a Lit 24 midyear, she wrote a play on the Mermaid Tavern, which we regret to say is forever confined to a blue book. An old stand-by of the Dean's list, Ellie took up her pen as freshman secretary of her class, became editor of NIKK, and this year president of Psyche. And she has written the most delightful "Books Are Gates" we've ever read, for News. Ellie was one of the first seniors to become engaged, and is headed for a June wedding.

CHARLOTTE WITTER  
West Hartford, Connecticut

*Psychology*

Char certainly has grown in the last four years! All of two inches, and she told us the secret of her success, lucky we. She stretches every night, as hard as she can stretch, and grows and grows. Pretty soon she won't need that little straw seat on the front seat of her car. This year she has been on varsity hockey squad, and last year she played on class hockey. She has been in orchestra and was a member of Science Club.







NANCY NEWBOLD WOLF  
Wyncote, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

*English*

Wolf lived in Stanton's Chaos; sold sheets of postage stamps at reduced rates; last year bought three evening gowns, at once, that became Wheaton-famous; this year made headlines in News when she joined the dance group. We read her sonnets in Rushlight, her escapades in Over the Teacups; saw her dashing breathless, almost awake, into chapel at 8:29; boarding the Mansfield bus to head for Boston, and perhaps forgetting to return; keeping all-night vigils with Tutorial and Crax. Wolf, the Unforgettable!

BETTY FERN WRAY  
Mount Vernon, New York

*Psychology*

Betty wins the distinction of being one of the first Seniors to Be Engaged! She's another of those persons who make the life of News editor one laugh after another; for when she and Marge were headline editors the place was always in an uproar. This year she was on the senior hockey team, and she was a member of Science Club and of International Relations Club. In conclusion, *what* will we do for headlines next year?



RUTH ZIMMER  
Gloversville, New York

*Psychology*

You won't know it, but Zimmer's spirit will haunt the C.G.A. bus next year, and at 11:30 at the Statler she will leave another spirit behind her to wend his weary way back to Harvard Law alone. There won't be any physical Zimmer on campus, but ghosts everywhere, haunting her favorite corner in Metcalf Basement or Sem, or her upper berth in the double-decker. She was in class badminton, was head of deck tennis, and a member of Camera Club and I.R.C.



Junior  
Class  
officers  
announced  
October 4



1941



It is really pretty grim when you come right down to it. We mean this business of being almost seniors. We've been pretty comfortable knowing that we still had another

year. It's like having a roof over our heads. We don't want the seniors to go, but like time and railroad trains they wait for no man. We are destined to become that roof, and finally a part of the outer world looking back upon the days when a bat meant bacon and what you took your freshman sister to. We are trying not to think of the hamburger we didn't get—the one that was all ours until somebody took a bite out of it, but we'll always remember Kingsley swinging "Father Time." We thought the old man appreciated it. It seemed to make him chuckle at our being so terribly modern in leaving tradition where we thought it belonged—in the past.

Early in October the Founders' Day plays created tremendous excitement, and "Riders to the Sea" won the competition for our class. We surely could never forget the old, grey-haired woman with the sad countenance who wrung her hands as she bemoaned the fates of her sons. Her voice trembled as she spoke. But off-stage without the wig and

mascara, we knew her to be Alice Canby destined to become our senior class president. Midge Rush and Kingsley who took the parts of the two sisters had a hard time shaking their Irish brogue after it was all over, and poor Meg Heath caught cold from the mere thought of all the times she had drowned at rehearsals.

Before the first frost, interclass hockey proved to be *the* sport of the season. We managed one goal, made by our captain against the seniors. But, like Army this year, we *could* sing. One day Nancy Newbert brought her team out with lipstick smeared on their faces. It was simply too Cherokee for words! Among the tribe were Carol Tillinghast, Nan Whitten, Amy José, Laurie Gregg, Ellie Gluck, Betty Meyer, Mary Helen Beetle, and Mary Orme.

We could never forget that memorable day when the mayor of Wheatonville announced the results of class elections. Indeed, we never expected to be high-hatted by our own officers! We kept wondering if they would feel less haughty when they discovered that their trousers were missing. The bouquets were thrown to president, Carol Tillinghast; vice-president, Nancy Whitten; secretary, Frances Turner; treasurer, Anne Gladding; and song-leader, Helen Kingsley.

By the time February comes, everybody



is ready to join into the spirit of vaudeville. This year "Hebe Takes a Holiday" opened with merry voices ringing tra-la by the choir, and Strophe conducted by Evie Fay as Miss Tweedle in the selection "The Bongo" by Linsey Woollsey. It was quite enough to make you all green and crawly with jealous rage at not being Phi Bete. Janie Dickie who played the part of Miss Rickers in the "From Bad to Worcester" skit has developed a complex. She, like Scarlett, finds herself running through the mist in her dreams, still hoping, still waiting, still looking for that banana to feed her chimpanzee. Jane Adams was a convincing little Nell in "The Widow's Termite" and we sympathize with her to note that her complicated love-life was a bit over her head. Jean Nevius as Hebe managed to charm everyone including Dr. Park with her Grecian toga and hair-do, her pitcher and her lamp. Words and music for Vaudeville songs were written by Phyllis Haller and Kingsley put them across in her own inimitable way.

With spring elections, the juniors began to feel their importance. Evelyn Fay was elected

the new-president-of-the-College-Government-Association, but everyone still called her "Evie" for short. Betts Gibbs became our Y. W. president for next year; Pat Keelan, editor-in-chief of News; Nancy Newbert, Athletic Association president; and Marjorie Rush, president of the Dramatic Association. Betty Brown was chosen social chairman, and Barbara Fisher, college song-leader. Dorm heads were also appointed including Hastie Price, Carol Tillinghast, Peg King, Margaret Joy Tibbetts, Jean Hare, Frances Turner and Agnes Sheff.

Then there were those first few days after the Easter holidays when everyone was talking about the girl at Vassar who swallowed her toothbrush. (One of the mothers was glad to know that Wheaton girls are not *that* gullible.) We had had what they called "Spring" vacation, but that didn't mean much. Except for Ellie Traver who came back from South America all tanned to make us look sickly in comparison, no one showed any outward signs of having suffered from the heat. We never found out whether Ellie took Minerva.

But one morning it was spring. People asked you where you were going and you didn't quite know. That was how you knew it was Spring. Some of the juniors headed off in Soggy-Saltine-by-Sea-Biscuit-out-of-Moist-Muffin to the cape where if a good nor'wester blows you are always certain, says Christopher Robin, of sand-between-the-toes. Others who had long been awaiting the happy day tore to the gym roof with this hope---a tan, perhaps, for Prom.

Beside the red-letter days we have some topics of interest which will serve for luncheon conversation at the reunion of the class of '41 in 1970: Barbee Drew's skeleton which she keeps in her closet, Ruthie Jacob's sneeze, Sarah Buford's southern charm, Peg Snow's plum skirt, Flo Forger's fascinating eyebrows, Loie Johnson's horse, Jane Martin's Muffin, Alta Powell's homing pigeons, Phyl Wechsler's "Tarzy," Betty Anderson's charcoal drawings and Edie Congdon's smile.



One night we heard the phone ring on second floor Everett and as usual it was for Jan Haines. Lucky girl, it's "propinquity" all right. Speaking of Everett—perhaps it is due to the comfortable parlor, but men don't seem to mind waiting there. Fran Baldrige tries on her entire wardrobe endeavoring to make up her mind what to wear while her man waits and waits and waits, and still comes back another time to wait some more.

We'll always remember the night that Doris Lemaire and Pat Dimelow went off to the Geology meeting after a Wednesday night chicken dinner, and came back talking of caviar and kings.

Shirley Glunts we usually found dreaming of Teddy, and Ellie Raila was inseparable from her letters in green ink. We've another year to hear a little more from Eunie Williams who keeps her marvelous sense of humor too much to herself, and from Muriel Brown who plays the organ so well.

Then we're proud of our engagements too. We'll miss Iggie and Skeeter, though, next year. Iggie and Hank will be southward bound toward Lima, Peru after their wedding in June, and Skeeter is expecting to spend the first year of her married life getting her degree from Boston University while Arthur is completing his medical training. Pete Schirmer hasn't announced hers officially, but she is wearing a diamond and we hear that Betty Meyer has joined the unofficial list.

We have mental snapshots of: Mary Goodrich and Jean Inglis on a ski trail in New Hampshire; Mary O'Donnell in her home, the pool; Dot Stecker in one of her new hats; Ellen and Anne Greeley and Charlotte Hewitson in the Pops Gay Nineties' mock choir; Ellie Haggett and Jean Smillie wielding their tennis rackets; Abbie Ilsley in her satin evening dress checking galleys for News; Marie Winans specializing in haircuts and headlines; Bunny Day trying to find a place for her records; and Ruth Tuttle tearing her hair.

It would have been phenomenal if Dot Kloss had ever wasted a minute, or if Addie Dunbar had forgotten to write Marie, or

Marcia Stewart was seen without her fingernail polish. It would be fantastic to suppose that someday Lil Dillaber might fall down on a Press Board assignment, that Monnie Moncrieff would agree thoroughly and wholeheartedly with Mr. Sprague, or that Eva Belle should go into her Art exam without knowing her prints—all of them!

We find it hard to picture Barbara Bert trumping her partner's ace; or Gooie, Wingie and Sloanie stranded without a fourth for bridge. If we heard that Jakie Anderson forgot her Tutorial, Bisby her sandwiches, or Joan Strassburger her call from Cornell we wouldn't believe it.

If it is adventure we seek, we should go riding with Marian St. Cyr or Betty Weatherbee, or sight-seeing in New York with Phyl Lord as our guide so that we could not get lost. But if it is novelty we want, there's Hitchy to whistle chords for us, and Marty Hoffman to tell us funny stories.

Soon we will have our frolic where we will shed the last remnants of our Junior madness before donning the cap and gown of Senior dignity.













*Front Row:* Beebe, Collins, Bishop, Eggers, Mills, Burnam, Bills, Harri-  
man, Packard, Linton, Gallinger, Burkhardt, Messinger, Richards.  
*Second Row:* Hoyer, Penney, Chandler, Mulno, Beane, Nye, Boote, Donle,  
Kline, Holsapple, Huber, Gilbert, Powell, Moyle. *Back Row:* Thompson,  
Wood, Garrigues, Hagedorn, W. Martin, Detlefsen, Tudbury, Phinney,  
Hunter, Turner, Webster, Mackenzie, McCormick.



*Front Row:* Craig, Peck, L. Sharp, Lewis, Haller, England, Pritchard,  
Murray, Rhodes, Bloor, Pieroni, Spencer. *Second Row:* Bumford, Tyrol,  
Kerbeck, Pierce, Griffith, Penhale, Wellman, S. Sharp, Hosley, Reid,  
Alleman, Townsend, Twombly, Fuller, Creighton, Walker. *Third Row:*  
Woodworth, Manchester, Flavin, N. Dickey, Lewis, Morse, Ensko,  
Lawler, Harvey, Wahn, Bethge, Welser, M. Johnson, Daisley, Wright.  
*Back Row:* Haines, Eddy, Fell, Boord, Godfrey, Newell, Hill, Englehardt,  
Snyder, Hall, Hollis, Hirschland, Baur, Kidder, Masson.



*Sophomore  
Class  
officers  
announced  
October 10*



1942



When in the dim, dark years labeled Future we gather our grandchildren at our knee to reminisce about college days we will remember sophomore year as the year we grew up. Bouncing back to college in the fall showing only vestiges of that pea-green tinge which had distinguished us from our elder sisters in 1939 we proudly, but oh so very casually, displayed our familiarity with the mysterious rites of Wheaton for the benefit of the wide-eyed freshmen who thought we must at least be seniors.

Remembering our own pitiful confusion in the days of '39 we kindly pointed out the Little Theater to timid freshmen lost in the canyons of Howard Street, explained that every girl fights for her own coke in the rush-hour at Marty's, and impressed upon each newcomer the importance of following the Adventures of Terry and the Pirates in the Boston Herald each morning.

If we regarded each gust of wind and falling leaf with apprehension and boasted a bit about our own breezy reception at Wheaton, or if we screamed, "Freshman, where's your sign!" with too much vehemence, all was forgotten and forgiven at the sophomore-freshman party where we met our younger sisters

on equal footing and laughed together at the spectacle of a Smith girl trying to get into heaven.

We were next heard from as a class on one sunny noon in early October when five workers grabbed up their picks and shovels and emerged from the Student-Alumnae Building summoned by a thumping drum and noisy bugle. In spite of their overalls, plaid shirts, and dirty faces we recognized Helen DeMott, Eleanore Beane, Elizabeth Ann Fell, and June Daisley whom Nicky Messenger hailed as the sophomore class officers. Mottsie immediately took over her new duties as president, assisted by Helen, vice-president; Lenny secretary; Betts, treasurer, and Daise, song-leader.

Plans for Soph Hop were first on Mottsie's list of Things To Do As President, and if hordes of sophomores deserted their class dance for the Harvard-Dartmouth game it wasn't because of her leadership. Not even the new privilege of smoking at class banquets could compete with the Dartmouth Indians, so the crepe paper decorations were rolled up and put away, the three little "fiddies," who had received a special invitation to come for atmosphere, were sent back to the aquarium, and Soph Hop was postponed until after Christmas Vacation.

The next thing of importance on the sophomore program was the Mummers' Play, and

the elusive class spirit which was so noticeably missing around Hop time returned in full vigor for this major campus event. Bud Creighton, as Master of Revels, led the whole college community in one of the gayest, most rollicking Christmas celebrations within memory. Priscilla Hall, Nancy Knowlton, Helen DeMott, Elizabeth Beebe, Nancy Kline, June Daisley, Carol Bryan, and Mary Bloor staged a riotous sword dance, and Molly Rhodes as the house fool kept the audience in constant laughter.

On January 6 the gym was mysteriously transformed from a prosaic place in which to play basketball and endure modern dancing into a shadowy ocean grotto where Peckus' "ogling octopi, smiling sea lions, and flirting fish" swam around the dancers who had arrived for the much-postponed Soph Hop. Mary Louise Fuller, Mary Bloor, Mary Scott Powell, Helen Masson, Barbara Woodworth, Betty Ann Fell, and Virginia Thompson were committee chairmen in charge of the marine festivities.

The sophomore-senior party in February appeared as a welcome bright spot in the calendar for those hardy souls who had successfully weathered an avalanche of questions which would make even John Kieran or the census-takers cringe. The formal entertain-

ment, which included Willie Martin singing "You'd Be Surprised" in her best Bonnie Baker manner rivalled "Hellzapoppin" as far as confusion was concerned, and the impromptu entertainment put on by our talented senior sisters should send talent scouts flocking to Norton to find the girl who sang "Frankie and Johnny." A more serious note was introduced into the program when seniors solemnly placed their class rings on the fingers of their younger sisters who were proud to wear them for a few weeks.

But then we decided that although we liked the idea of having a ring that was a part of the college tradition, we preferred beauty to custom and would like to see if designers could offer us a ring which would keep the traditional symbol of Pegasus but be more graceful than the one we had been wearing. Class meetings became more and more like Madison Square Garden on a fight night as traditionalists defended the old ring against would-be radicals.

Although the upholders of tradition were finally overthrown and the majority of sophomores voted to place Pegasus in a new setting, the ultimate fate of the ring is still shrouded in the shadows of the future along with the identity of the May Queen and next year's room numbers.



*Freshman  
Class  
officers  
announced  
November 28*



1943



Wheaton  
November

Dear Mother,

The time from autumn to Christmas vacation is nearly over, and I'm wondering if the next long stretch from winter

to spring will quite equal this one. I'll never forget that first day of college—all the formality and even horror of it. I had an empty feeling when I saw you drive down the street, heading for home. I didn't dare admit it to anyone then; I couldn't even write to you and tell you how I almost had to strangle myself to keep from calling, "Wait for me!" Even if this was college, the thing I had been dreaming about ever since grammar school, now that I was really here it seemed to close in on me in all its awesomeness, and I couldn't quite make the cozy little campus seem really cozy. There were too many strange faces and learned people about, and my own little town seemed terribly far removed from anything here. But the fun came on in a burst. Life was glorious! There was no one here to make me eat if I didn't want to; no one to make me study if I wanted to do something else. I could spend long mornings in the Sem,

and afternoons at Marty's, and I reserved the evenings for playing bridge.

Everything was suddenly beautiful, and warm and friendly. Suzie and I would hang out of the window to watch the moon rise over the chapel, and we'd talk about what fun the Bacon Bat was, and wonder if we would ever walk around Peacock Pond three times with you know who. Yesterday our class announced its officers for the year, and now that we have been allowed to discard our signs and have a president we feel that we are really somebody other than pea-green newcomers. We've presented the college with the people of our choice; I think you've met them all. The president is Jean Hamant; vice-president, Jane Wrather; secretary, Anna-Frances Turner; treasurer, Betty Duffy; and song leader, Barbara Ridgway.

The biggest event now is Christmas Banquet. We expect to do very little eating, because everyone says you spend all evening raising the tables as high as your head, and squeal when the candles threaten to tip over. Suzie says we must learn "Hail to Britannia" because we sing it all the time that night.

Do you suppose I will ever be a Senior and march through the middle door of Chapel in my cap and gown? I was terribly excited

when even the freshmen were allowed to do it on Founders' Day, but it seems that happens every year, and it was an old story to the upper classmen. We were impressed anyway!

Love,  
Sally

Wheaton  
March

Dear Mother,

I've just come back from the freshman plays, and I must say that our class has scored a distinct triumph. We feel so much that we belong now, because everyone is running around saying how wonderful our potential playwrights, Betsy Mackay, Sally Dickinson, and Jacky Paul are. I wonder if Sally is any relation to Emily? You should have been here—they were marvelous!

I wish you would stop telling Aunt Mary about my marks. They weren't good at all, really. Why, some of the seniors here are Phi Beta Kappas, and my little 82 isn't worth mentioning. You should have seen us slaving over midyear exams! Mother, honestly, I thought hour exams in high school were hard, but these lasted for three solid hours, and everyone takes pillows to sit on, and animals for good luck, and one girl brought a lunch. Everyone was in a perfect dither, and they are hardly past now, and the seniors are muttering something vague about generals and finals and things ominous. I'm glad Dad sent me that carton of gum—the whole History class cracked away on it during the exam, and I'm sure everyone was cheered by the comfort it furnished us—even if it didn't give us more brains. By the way, I'm cutting a wisdom tooth, and maybe it will be through before finals begin.

My junior sister wants me to visit her during spring vacation. May I? Everyone else is going to Florida or South America, and I must go somewhere besides just home! Any-

way, I want to go home too, and ask you about someone to invite to May Dance.

Lotsa love,  
Sally

Wheaton  
May

Dear Mother,

This will probably be my last letter to you. Tomorrow finals start, and everything will be upset.

May Dance is only two weeks behind me, and I can hardly believe that John came and that the long-looked-forward-to week end is past.

I wonder how it will seem to be a sophomore. It's hard to realize that my first year of college is almost over, and all the seniors we've known and looked up to all year will not be here when we come back in the fall. Just think, my junior sister will be my senior sister, and next year I'll stay to see her graduate! I wish you could have been here for our last chapel service this morning. It was very solemn and serious, and even the most hard-boiled of us felt a lump in her throat when the seniors walked out for the last time, and everyone sang "Auld Lang Syne." I'm sure I won't be nearly as grown-up in my sophomore capacity as most of them seemed to be this year, but I'll love it all the more, because I can initiate the freshmen, for one thing, and because I'll be so much wiser and learned in the ways of college than they. And the May Queen will come from our class this time, and we can tell the freshmen of all the messes they'll get into in room hashes, and scare them into opening doors for us, and being generally lowly for the first week or so, as we were.

But it was lots of fun anyway, and next year the most important things to us are Soph Hop and class rings. I can hardly wait! Lotsa love,  
Sally



*Front Row:* Waldo, Parker, Barnes, Everett, Wilson, Starrett, Wales, Foss, Hume, Wilbur, Payne, Veling, Bockus, Yaeger. *Second Row:* Tilden, Treuting, Harris, Wirtz, Quint, Driscoll, Landis, Locke, Mayer, Sharfman, Herland, Michelman, Hayden, Randall, Wylie, Thibodeau, Murdock, Sweeney, Powell. *Third Row:* Kuehner, Ross, Fisher, Hayes, St. Clair, Turner, Rolfe, Wrathner, Schnurr, Temple, Pedrick, Shaw, Williamson, Beauchamp, Segall, Wilde. *Back Row:* Giltner, Priedeman, Strong, Salisbury, Weston, Toffey, Lindeman, Whiting, Rambo, Wing, Heller, Sellew, Traphagen, Smolian, Lovell.



*Front Row:* Davidson, Cunningham, Brandon, MacMullen, Ewing, Ewing, Becker, Davis, Dickinson, Brigham, Crounse, Jones, Hamant, Hooff, Jackson, Reed. *Second Row:* Taft, Paulsen, Gibbs, Champlin, Baur Becker, Foster, Forsyth, Black, Covell, Bastedo, Dignam, Blaisdell, Duffy, Campbell, Johnson, Hearne, Merriam, Grayle, Adams. *Third Row:* Nevius, Gebhardt, Connelly, Watson, Drell, Fuller, Bayette, Ericson, Mackay, Dickey, Abrams, Cahall, Birdsall, Kelley, Kaufman, Lawver, Taylor, Camara. *Back Row:* Parcher, Hunter, M. Payne, Mariani, Ely, Hawn, Nelms, Grant, Haas, Carr, Kennedy, Paul, Okes, Igleheart, Lavezzo, Nute, Kuczun, Johnson.





## FOUNDERS' DAY

ON a bright October morning we awoke to a sudden holiday spirit. Overnight, Wheaton had become one hundred and five, and the calendar for the morning was filled with events. Mary Lyon was deep in the birthday mood, for there were no classes. We went to the closet and found a wrinkled white sharkskin skirt that had been huddled in waiting under the hat box; we joined a line that reached across the basement, and originated at the ironing board. We heard someone shriek "Black shoes! Don't forget the black shoes!" and wondered if our roommate's extra pair of six and a halves might cover our size seven feet.

The seniors paced campus, uniform in cap and gown. The dwindled junior class wore every shade of purple sweaters; pale lavender, and tints that suggested pink, and some that verged on Wheaton blue. We went to Marty's for a hurried breakfast, and in the Sem talked to the alumnae we knew. Then we rushed, when the bell rang, to find our place on campus. Freshmen at the start of the line, self-conscious in the splendor, juniors near the Administration Building, sophomores extending past Emerson and Larcom. Little sticks with ribbons for the class officers to carry; the faculty in rainbow robes and caps and hoods that signified things Academic and Scholarly. We walked past the buildings, along the path that rims the Dimple, through the front door, breaking a tradition for the sake of a tradition. We glanced at the parents in the gallery, and separated from our same-size partner, to watch the Chapel fill. Mary Ellen Chase went up to the platform, and the exercises began. We sat in fascination for

an hour, and heard a famous novelist and teacher speak on "The Author and His Reader," on the importance of a more intelligent reading of fiction in a world so troubled and perplexed. Discussing the novel, and pointing out the ideas and ideals of novelists, she termed it "the most perfect revelation of the human mind and spirit in the realms of literature." Here, speaking to us, was a woman who began to write at sixteen, who lives in a salt-box house in Northampton, and whose books, "Mary Peters," and "Silas Crockett" particularly, have caught the essence of New England. We thought about it for a time as we watched her; here was a woman who is New England, and has been for generations, speaking to an overflowing audience in a straight-lined New England chapel. The building might have been designed, years back, by Judge Laban Wheaton himself; and could he have been there, certainly he would have approved heartily of the scene.

We sang the Wheaton hymn that yearly brings tears of appreciation of beauty to our eyes. And then it was over, and we marched out again, into the focus of cameras, and little groups of people forming about the building. A Founders' Day morning that topped all others, we thought! "Yes, choir was wonderful!" "Wasn't she a marvelous speaker!" "How does it seem to be visiting Founders' Day?" And to the freshmen, "What did you think of it?"

Then the rain came, and campus emptied, and the wind chased across the grass, and shook leaves from fast-emptying trees.

Founders' Day night, Dramatic Association presented three plays in the gymnasium. To a fast-growing S.A.B. campus had sacrificed



the Coal Hole, where the scenery had formerly been made and painted, and this year, upon a stage barren of scenic backdrops, the class plays were presented in ultra-modern manner and simplicity. Geraldine Kane had directed the sophomores' "The Mad Hatters," by John McMurray. The juniors enacted J. M. Synge's "Riders to the Sea," coached by Marion Hubbell, and the seniors presented the lovely fantasy by Oliphant Downs "The Maker of Dreams." For them, Elizabeth Adams was the coach. We laughed when we first saw the program, and thought how perfectly the titles suited the personalities of the classes they represented, and when the plays came on we found that only the juniors had selected a tragedy. Kingsley and Janet Haines were wonderful, in the Irish drama; Lennie Hodges made a beautiful Pierrette; the sophomores were excellent. Judges of the contest, Mrs. Paul F. Cressey, Mrs. William Hunt, and Miss Elizabeth Nottingham gave the award for "best" to the Class of '41.

The casts follow.

Maker of Dreams by Oliphant Downs.

*Pierrette*, Eleanor Hodges; *Pierrot*, Barbara Merriam; *Manufacturer*, Marian Freeman; *Riders to the Sea* by J. M. Synge.

*Kathleen*, Helen Kingsley; *Nora*, Marjorie Rush; *Maurya*, Alice Canby; *Bartley*, Margaret Heath; *Young Woman*, Betty Weatherbee; *Old Man*, Frances Baldridge; *Neighbors*, Florence Forger and Dorothy Stecker

The Mad Hatters by John McMurray

*Henry Hatter*, Priscilla Hall; *Adelia Hatter*, his wife, Helen Masson; *Percy Hatter*, their older son, Elizabeth Beebe; *Dickie Hatter*, their younger son, Mary Snyder; *Wisteria Hatter*, their daughter, Rosamond Creighton; *Betty Hatter*, *Dickie's wife*, Helen Boord.

A few weeks after the class plays had been given, the gym once more became the focus of the campus eye. News printed a large picture of Jane Farwell, Mrs. Mackenzie, and Mrs. Ballou, and announced in a three-column head that after ten years, Mrs. Ballou was directing "Much Ado About Nothing," the Shakespearian comedy which she had pre-

sented as her first production when she joined the Wheaton faculty. The Claudio of 1929 was Louise Barr, the Mrs. Mackenzie of the present English department. An epoch in Dramatic Association history had been marked, and the 1939 performance was done with beautiful scenery, a special stage set by Miss Winslow, and Mrs. Mackenzie's former role was taken by Jane Farwell.

The rest of the cast included: *Don Pedro*, prince of Aragon, Dagmar Mariani; *Don John*, his brother, Jacqueline Paul; *Benedick*, a young lord of Padua, Jeanne Penhale; *Leonato*, governor of Messina, Evelyn Schnurr; *Antonio*, his brother, Betty Ross; *Balthasar*, attendant on Don Pedro, Anne Greeley; *Conrade*, Catherine Selless; *Borachio*, Eleanor Webster; *Friar Francis*, Jane Dent; *Dogberry*, Helen Kingsley; *Verges*, Betsey Schadt; *Frances Seacole*, June Daisley; *Watch*, Ellen Bamberger and Esther Sweeney; *A boy*, Shirley Sharp; *a messenger*, Phyllis Haller; *Hero*, Virginia Thompson; *Beatrice*, Marion Hubbell; *Margaret*, Lucia Griffith; *Ursula*, Virginia Loeb.

## RIDING MEET

Chief among the fall sports at Wheaton is riding, and chief among the important week ends on the Wheaton calendar is that of the annual Riding Meet with House in the Pines. Tryouts for the squad of 1939 were held early in the season and sunrise drills were conducted by Captain Alison Kimpton for the seven weeks preceding the meet. On three mornings of each week the members of the team fell out of bed in time to stagger into Emerson for a 6 o'clock breakfast featuring real toast. Those individuals living one floor beneath, next door to, or anywhere in the immediate vicinity of members of the riding team will verify this detail.

In spite of colds, rain, and bucking horses, the Wheaton riders had an excellent military drill prepared which was planned and carried out entirely by the students. Riding Meet day dawned clear and sunny, and the Wheaton team rode forth to compete with the team from House in the Pines on a dry, fast ring.

*Riding team*



Both Wheaton and House in the Pines entered horsemanship classes. In the advanced class Ruth Rabe won the blue ribbon with Gertrude Jenks, Lucille Donle, and Alison Kimpton winning second, third, and fourth prizes respectively. Elizabeth Adams was the winner in the intermediate horsemanship class, followed by Elinor Wilbur, Norma Dickey, and Jane Martin in that order. Gertrude Jenks won the second prize in the championship class, yielding first place to Elaine Vickery of House in the Pines.

The fence-sitters then crossed the road to watch the jumping which took place this year over an outside course set up in the field. Both schools entered a team of three girls who went over the six jumps on the outside course at a hunting pace and were judged according to the number of faults made and the pace kept. The coveted first place went to a Wheaton team comprised of Alison Kimpton, Barbara Jordan, and Jeanne Jackson.

The tandem exhibition which has been a part of the program of other meets was replaced this year by a pair class in which House in the Pines won first and second honors.

The climax of the afternoon came when the Wheaton and House in the Pines teams entered the ring for the military drill, won for the fifth consecutive time by Wheaton. The team now has a two-thirds claim on the cup which will become Wheaton's permanent possession if we win again next year. One trophy offered by L. G. Balfour of Attleboro was retired by the Wheaton riders in 1937.

The 126 men and their girls who attended the dance held in the gym at night were reminded again of their afternoon surroundings by the clever decorations. The Harvard Gold Coast Orchestra supplied music for dancing amid rustic props which contrasted strangely with the appearance and attire of sophisticated ladies with smooth dates. Marion Price, chairman of the dance committee, was assisted by Nancy Whitten, who provided cokes for the revelers; Janet Haines, who sold tickets; and Amy José, who hired the orchestra.

## FALL SPORTS

The fall sport season officially opened with a meeting in the gymnasium on October 2 at which Jeanne Adams, president of the Ath-



letic Association, introduced the heads of activities, who explained the requirements for participating in their various sports.

Janet Neal, head of golf, announced that the day had at last come when Wheaton would be represented in intercollegiate tournaments by a golf team. Barbara Howe, head of archery, also promised all yeomen a chance to compete in tournaments. Bertinia Dickson gave a brief preview of Wheaton's hockey season, and Barbara Lathrope issued final instructions to freshmen tennis players, anxious to start the annual battle for the class championship. Alison Kimpton, captain of the riding team, invited all students interested in riding in the meet with House-in-the Pines to try out for the riding team, Catherine Higgins announced the schedule for hikers, and Ruth Zimmer talked about deck tennis.

A new and marked enthusiasm was shown by the "amateurs" in all interclass sports due no doubt to the fact that varsity players were excluded from class teams under the new ruling made by the Athletic Council. Qualifications for class tennis teams were met

pleted in the fall, and as Nike goes to press the teams are fighting it out on the courts.

The freshman class tennis tournament which is held annually was won by Nancy Cunningham with Betty Cahall as runner-up. The Wheaton hockey team, captained by Anne Breeding, celebrated its ninth victorious season after successfully meeting the Freebooters, Pembroke, Jackson, and Radcliffe. The members of the varsity squad were Ellen Berney, Anne Breeding, Betty Cahall, Rosamond Creighton, Bertinia Dickson, Caroline Ely, Anne Greeley, Lucia Griffith, Marion Hubbell, Barbara Lathrope, Janet MacPherson, Jane Messinger, Barbara Payne, Sara Peck, Marion Price, Helen Rambo, Betty Schnabel, Linda Thomas, Virginia Thompson, Helen Kingsley, Jane Farwell, Helen Masson, Ruth Eddy, Elizabeth Lewis, Jean Nevius, Ruth Walker, Peggy Wing, and Charlotte Witter.

In the interclass hockey tournament the freshmen were victorious. Betty Lovell, Sybil Bumford, Elizabeth Meyer, and Frances Weaver were the captains of their class teams.

The long-promised, three-cornered golf tournament with Jackson and Radcliffe was held at Jackson in October. Janet Neal, Mary Ann Herron, Mary Igleheart, and Betsey Schadt represented Wheaton, and in spite of the unusual hazards offered by Tufts men hanging out of the windows of the chemistry



*Swing Session*

by Marjorie Munkenbeck, Katherine Ryder, Elizabeth Morse, and Jeanne Adams, seniors; Ellen Greeley, Elizabeth Meyer, Mary Helen Beetle, and Jean Smillie, juniors; and Elizabeth Beebe, Dorothy Mackenzie, Mary Johnson, and Margo Boote, sophomores. Because of rain and other catastrophes on days chosen for matches, the tournaments were not com-

*Faculty-Senior Hockey*



building and a track team which trotted around the course periodically, the Wheaton delegation returned home with the (mythical) trophy.

Faculty competed with students when Ann Davidson, singles champion in the deck-tennis tournament, challenged Miss Mott to a match, and Barbara Drew and Barbara Fuller, who won the doubles, played against Miss Brady and Mrs. Gallagher. All three students withdrew in ignominious defeat dealt them by the faculty.

As fitting close to the fall season the seniors were challenged by a group of professional players who have a minor interest in academic problems. With due respect for the faculty, and with an eye to doing a little apple-polishing, the seniors allowed their opponents to run up the score of 6-0. Miss Boehm, suffering from a moment of amnesia, deserted her colleagues long enough to make a goal for the seniors, thus allowing them to leave the field with one point and their self-respect.

#### *Nativity Play*



## CHRISTMAS

Outside, the world was still mourning a newly dead autumn, and had seen winter come in meek and smiling, without snow. On campus, the spirit of Santa Claus began to wake in the nursery school; and one night we heard a voice echoing through the Slype and in the Quadrangle—the voice and footsteps, perhaps, of a freshman who for the moment had forgotten the unwritten Christmas laws, and sang “These times are good times” to herself as she walked through the darkness. That voice, those words were a signal. In the next few days other voices took up the refrain, and like a thunderbolt Christmas and “Hail to Britannia” were upon us. We watched the men string lights on the fir tree; saw choir herd into chapel each evening to rehearse. Mummers’ faces in grotesque make-up peered through Emerson windows as we walked by; the sewing machines in Everett basement began to hum. And we forgot our classes and reserve books in the Libe, and were followed by sparkling thoughts wrapped in red and green and tied with silver tinsel. Vacation was coming, to be sure, and we were going home; but that was the smallest part of it all.

The fun began and swiftly filled the days. On a Saturday night we started after dinner for the gym, and stood in excitement outside, waiting for the doors to be unlocked, to file in silence into the spacious darkness, to sit with our friends and watch the Christmas story unfold before our eyes. Tall candles burned on the windowsills, and there was a solitary streak of light coming from the door that leads to the gym roof. Above us, the track creaked as the Nativity choir filed to the back room, the lonely tones of the little pump organ drifted down to us. At last the curtains opened, the shepherds appeared, and we saw Dorothy Sanborn, a Madonna beautiful, against a background of green pine bowers. The silence made it so awesome and wonderful that afterwards, coming into the lighted campus, it was a sacrilege to speak.

The choir concert followed the very next night. Parents came, and alumnae, and people we had never seen before, and we joined in singing the more familiar carols. Afterward came the part that we liked almost best of all; standing around the campus Christmas tree, singing, hearing the choir filing about the chapel, their voices drifting into the distance of Peacock Pond.

There were club parties. German songs, and lighted trees, and wassail in Botany beakers. The Christmas story read by Mrs. Park; sitting about her on our couch pillows, finishing our brother's checkered socks.

And at last, there was the night before we went away. We put on our very best evening gown, and waited, some of us in Everett parlors, others in Cragin and Larcom, until the time came. We made last-minute vacation plans, mental lists of Christmas cards. When we entered the dining room each of us took a candle from a mummer-guarded table, and hurried in to make secret changes among the place cards.

We heard Dr. Park as he presented the college gifts, and cheered when the mummers entered, jingling bells, dancing between the rows of tables. They continued their capers in the gym; Molly Rhodes wonderful as the house fool; the others doing a centuries-old sword dance.

We went to Marty's then, and filled the Wurlitzer with nickels, and heard Bing Crosby's "Silent Night" followed by Cab Calloway and Tommy Dorsey. Sing and truck. No coffee to drink, no need for it. Sleepiness had fled on this night of nights, and we knew that we would see dawn break, untired. We drank cokes, we went from booth to booth and talked. In the Sem the air was thick and blue, and we paraded in evening dress; some of us had changed to slacks, and laughed about the packing we yet had to do.

"Breakfast in Metcalf—up at five to serenade!" shouted a senior. "We'll have doughnuts, and the sophs have to make the coffee."

Arm in arm we went back up Howard Street, mentally playing our favorite game

of the Uncle-Tom's-Cabin Eliza chased by the hounds. It was like that, jumping from one rut to the next, instead of from ice cake to ice cake. That would come later, with the real Norton winter.

Light dip, first and second. Screams on campus ceased, and became screams in dorms. Our roommate put on her blue jersey dancing costume and did a ballet around the empty trunk in the hall. We carefully packed the evening dress, and began to disrobe the closet. The freshmen next door had a fruit cake and cokes. We shared. A group of juniors had clustered across the hall and were singing loudly. A shriek of laughter rose from first floor. There was a tree in White House parlor, and a stuffed Santa climbed through a sophomore's transom.

Eight dorms that didn't sleep; hectic attempts by a few patient souls. "And miles to go," we thought the next day, boarding the train and heading for home. Wheaton closed, and campus died, and we went on to other Christmas trees. "And that is why we sing."

*Green tags for Boston—Red for New York*





"Sap checked with frost and lusty leaves  
quite gone,  
Beauty o'ersnowed  
and bareness every  
where."











## THE SNOW SEASON

WINTER had come in meekly enough, but it remained to grow strong and blustery and very white. We came back from vacation with new ski suits, and brought our skis as well, in anticipation of wonderful week ends at Crawford Notch with the crowd and in hopeful anticipation of Dartmouth Carnival, or a week end at Cornell. Peacock Pond came into its own. We went down in the late afternoon and worked up an appetite for dinner. We went down later, and skated through the blackness of the winter night. Little boys with hockey sticks chased about on the ice, and we stayed on the safe outskirts and tried a figure eight. Sometimes choir would be rehearsing, and the music made a wonderful background as we sat on the edge of the sundial and untied yards of shoelacing, and then headed back up the hill toward the ring of lights that marked out campus.

Exams interrupted rudely. The sound of wooden boxes filled with milk bottles sent us dashing downstairs every night at nine. We saved the cookies for the wee small hours that stretched ahead in the basement, or in

the dorm parlor. We tacked an elaborate "Schedule of Study" program on the closet door. One hour in the afternoon for relaxation. Fifteen minutes after each meal for a cigarette. Ten to ten-thirty for a cat nap. The rest said "Libe-Do psych." or "Tutorial!" Five spaces were filled in with dire letters. Nine to twelve, Tuesday; Exam. Two until five Saturday afternoon; Exam. Last-minute attempts to get at reserve books. History outlines in the bookstore. A box of shiny art prints. A leather notebook filled with class notes. We almost forgot to breathe. Ten days when the world stood still, life halted, and death-like stillness crept into every corner of campus.

"I'm going crazy! I'll never pass. They all come the first four days. What will I do?"

"You poor kid! But look at me. Three of mine come the last two days. At least you can go home and forget; all I have left is one day, to recuperate. That's much worse."

"Just think. A week from today it will all be over."

"I'm going to write to Miss Lincoln, and



ask her to have my trunk put out in the hall. You can't tell me that I'll still be here in March."

"Cut it out!" exclaimed the senior. "We try to talk about pleasant things when we relax. Forget it!"

Nervous smiles at breakfast, relieved laughs at dinner. Worried silences, pages flipping slowly, ink bottles and five sharp pencils, bells, bring a cushion, and don't forget Dopey. He always brings luck. Look at the dolls Jane Adams has! Touch the man-doll's foot. She says it never fails to bring a good exam. Blue books, scratchy pens, the bell again, and out we go.

"What was the heroic element?"

"I said that it came from Hamlet. Who did say it?"

Ten days that lasted ten years, and Saturday at five came, and suitcases left the dorms, and we went away; Boston, or home, or perhaps just to the movies to see Andy Hardy. Monday we laughed again, and forgot. June still lies ahead.

The blizzards came. The worst one blacked out Norton, and there was electricity only on the campus. Information phoned the dorms, and a voice travelled up the stairs. "Marty's closed. No dip-swimming tonight." We had tried to go to the Libe, but had been blown back into the dorm, where the door was jammed open by the snow, and wouldn't close. One drift reached our knees. The off-campus faculty remained off campus, and cars on Howard Street were fuzzy bundles of snow. The Hunts were stranded at Bonnie Brook, and yellow papers covered the bulletin boards.

"Not a class for me today! Let's snowshoe!"

"How can I get to Middlebury for the carnival?"

"You can't, tootsie. You stay right here!"

No trains, no busses, no mail. Shut off from the world.

"Mrs. Perry is going to order some rubber boots. What a thaw this will be!"

"And Dartmouth week end there wasn't a vestige of snow. Wouldn't you think it would come evenly, if it has to come at all?"

Lennie Hodges and Jan Lynch had callers the night before, and they had to stay. Fun to see Mr. Garabedian floundering to Chapel; we rushed to Emerson windows to watch,

### *Exams*





and then saw Dr. Park arrive with a shovel. Weeks later, when rain came, the trees were bound in ice, and glittered with rainbows in the sun. At night we walked under icicle archways that left us breathless. Marty's dressed in candlelight in evening.

"Spring comes slowly up this way." Nomination blanks, and freshman plays, and short chapels, with cap-and-gowned seniors making announcements. The old order changed within a few weeks. The old leaders gave place to the new. House chairmen, time to think of hashing, of ways and means to assemble the crowd, and crash the dorms. Vacation lay ahead, promising spring greenness, and sunshine and coatless days. Winter slowly put away the snow. Schadt and Kingsley made arrangements to buy a car, and Edie Wahn was going south, and we looked forward to another crop of engagements and diamond rings to dazzle us when we returned.

Snowbound; A Winter's Tale. These were the things we thought of to describe those weeks. What lay ahead? Wind, Sand and Stars, and a Land Under Heaven.

The winter season to athletes in Norton, land of slushy snow and flat terrain, means basketball, badminton, swimming, modern dancing, skating on Peacock Pond, and an occasional trip to the mountains for skiing.

#### *Valentine's-Day Blizzard*



*Skiing at North Conway*

Encouraged perhaps by the chance to play on three badminton courts designed on the gym floor to replace the single one formerly available, more people showed an interest in badminton than ever before. The sport, headed this year by Nancy Newbert, became one of the most important activities in the Physical Education department.

The varsity team, chosen from a large squad, met Pembroke and Radcliffe and ended its season with a triangular match with these two colleges. Members of the Wheaton squad were Ruth Chevers, Elizabeth Meyer, Ruth Eddy, Edna Hagedorn, Ruth Hirschland, Sara Peck, Edith Wahn, Jeanne Grayle, Barbara Ridgway, and Nancy Newbert, captain.

The freshman badminton team comprised of Betty R. Shaw, Dorothy Davis, Nancy Cunningham, Louise Brigham, and Anna-Frances Turner won the interclass matches, held for the first time this year.

Swimming demanded the attention of the college community in the late winter months when the Wheaton team met Pembroke and Radcliffe, singly first, and then later in a three-cornered meet. Wheaton defeated both Pembroke and Radcliffe in the single meets, but dropped the triangular championship meet to Radcliffe. Margaret Snow, Eleanor Hargan, Betty Brown, Ruth Haslam, Bertinia



Dickson, Dorothea Ensko, Barbara Bert, Jean Nevius, Barbara Jordan, Mary O'Donnell, Helen Rambo, Mary Nevius, Natalie Heller, Mary Okes, Mary Wing, Ruth Rabe, Barbara Grant, Katherine Langsdorf, Betty Lewis, Mary Johnson, and Katherine Ryder, head of the sport, swam for the varsity.

Two meets were held between the classes, both of which were won by the sophomores, who amassed a total of 59.5 points. Barbara Tudbury headed the sophomore squad, and Monica Armstrong was the highest individual scorer in interclass swimming.

With lessons by José Limon, featured dancer from the Humphrey-Weidman troupe, and performances away from college the modern dance group had a strenuous season. On February 24 the entire group of thirteen members journeyed to the Connecticut College for Women where they participated in a dance symposium with Barnard, Connecticut. Pembroke, Smith, Vassar, and Wellesley. As this is being written the dancers are rehearsing with Strophe for a recital of Vachel Lindsay's "The Congo," which will be presented later.

The members of the group, headed by Harriot Gallagher, were Mary Ann Hessentahler, Jeanne Adams, Monica Armstrong, Mary Ann Bethge, Mary Bloor, Elinor Brill, Helen DeMott, Eleanor Hodges, Ruth Jacobs, Amy José, Marjorie Rush, and Nancy Wolf. Marion Burkhardt, Eleanor Murray, Virginia

Thompson, Nathalie Blaisdell, Evelyn Fay, Margery Bach, Jacqueline Paul, Mary Maenner, Jane Ewing, Louise Brigham, Barbara Merriam, Helen Kingsley, Betty Brown, Phyllis Haller, June Daisley, Alice Canby, Phyllis England, Barbara Bert, Mary Wing, Ruth Tuttle, Carol Bryan, Mary Powell, Mary Rhodes, and Elizabeth Weatherbee were in the understudy group.

Four opponents were met by the varsity basketball team during the winter season. In the games with Radcliffe and Pembroke Wheaton was the victor, but the Wheaton players were defeated by Jackson and the Antiques. The members of the squad were Betty Conant, Marion Hubbell, and Barbara Lathrope, each of whom have served four years on varsity, Linda Thomas, Rosamond Creighton, Charlotte Nute, Frances Lawler, Althea Hooft, Jane Wrather, Anne Breeding, Katherine Langsdorf, Elizabeth Beebe, Elizabeth Cahall, Elizabeth Duffy, Barbara Payne, Helen Rambo, Virginia Weston, Betsey Schadt, Helen Kingsley, and Margaret Joy Tibbetts, head of basketball.

The freshman team, captained by Mary Priedeman, won the interclass basketball tournament.

## CHOIR

The choir, directed by Mr. Garabedian and Mr. Ramseyer, came of age this year, the first in which a complete college generation sang under their leadership.

The hundred members rotated in sixties or more on Sundays, occasional Thursday mornings in chapel, and Founders' Day, and sang as a whole on a radio program and in the two big concerts. From time to time works were presented in eight parts, double choruses being made possible by the size of the choir.

The variety of music sung is much greater than that of college choral groups emphasizing secular programs only. This is made possible by singing on Sundays. In this way also, the choir keeps its enthusiasm, a thing difficult to maintain in colleges where occa-

*Swimming Meet*





sional concerts are the only public appearances.

However, at the concerts at Christmas and in May the choir extended its repertoire to include some very lovely Christmas carols and secular songs. This year's carol concert opened with Caplet's exciting *Gloria*. In a mood contrasting with the rest of the program were the romantic Catalan carols and Slovak folk songs. Part of Bach's *Christmas Oratorio* appeared with a lively Christmas number from his *Magnificat*. At the close were a group of Brahms' *Marienlieder* and the Swellinck *Hodie*.

In May the concert opened with three motets for double chorus, followed by three sacred choruses with organ accompaniment. Mr. Ramseyer then played Franck's *Prelude, Choral and Fugue* for piano. The choir followed with the three Brahms pieces they previously broadcast and a group of *Love-Songs* by the same composer. These last were accompanied by Althea Hooff and Barbara Grant.

The tonal effects obtained show that young people singing good music can reach unexpected heights of musical expression. It is the

singers' fresh enthusiasm and pure tone which is important, rather than the mechanical academic perfection of a trained group.

Officers for 1939-1940 were: Beverly Stevens, president; Katharine Ryder, secretary; Frances Turner, wardrobe mistress; Ellen Greeley, librarian; Helen Masson, Eleanor Newell, Ann Bishop and Jane Farwell, assistant secretaries; Eleanor Webster, assistant wardrobe mistress, and Charlotte Hewitson, assistant librarian. Solists in concerts were Ellen Greeley, Frances Turner and Miss Barbara Ziegler, and precentors in church and chapel were Katharine Ryder, Ellen Greeley, Lilian Freeman, Elizabeth Whiting and Phyllis Herland.

In anticipation of continued activity by the choir, a platform extension with new steps, and permanent risers was installed in the chancel; cabinets and a new work table in the choir library room, and a case was made for the hymnals. The choir expresses its appreciation to Dr. Park, who so kindly arranged for these conveniences, evidence of his interest in the organization.



## PHI BETA KAPPA

LUELLA DAVIS '40

PRISCILLA HOWARD '40

AGNES SHEFF '41

MARGARET JOY TIBBETTS '41

RUTH WARREN '40\*

DOROTHY WELLINGTON '40

\*Elected in her Junior year.



## DEPARTMENTAL CLUBS

**A**GORA is an honorary society, and all members must have met with its high constitutional requirements regarding grades and class standing. Senior members are Mary Hubbard, Marion Freeman, Alberta Rowland, Ruth Warren, Natalie Fairchild, Mary Ann Hessayt, and Margery Bach. The junior members are Margaret Joy Tibbetts, Jane Adams, Anne Gladding, Margaret Heath, and Alberta Ilsley. Dr. Clifford C. Hubbard is the faculty advisor.

In October Agora had its first meeting in honor of the Geneva students. On November 9 there was a meeting to welcome new members, and Mr. Hidy spoke on his research in England, the United States and Canada on Barring Brothers and Company. The first open meeting came on February 28, with Dr. Willard Waller of Barnard College, Columbia, speaking on "What War Does to the Family." Later sociology majors, Agora and Dr. Waller had coffee in Hebe Parlor.

Senior history majors were invited to hear Dr. Ernest Knapton speak on the "Lady of the Holy Alliance" on March 19.

*Art Club*—At the opening meeting Nancy Scott, president, presented the plan of exhibiting art work done by students and faculty. This was carried out shortly before Christmas vacation in the library art gallery. There were water colors, oils, charcoal sketches, masks, prints, stage sets, and even jewelry.

The speaker for the year, Mr. Gordon Reynolds of the Rhode Island School of Design spoke on the four objectives in Art Education. Present plans are for the Symposium in conjunction with the Music Club, Dramatic Association, and Psyche. The club's secretary-treasurer is Doris Lemaire.

*Classical Club* was organized for the purpose of getting students to appreciate the classics, and to acquaint them more fully with as many phases of classical culture as possible.

This year's activities began with a tea for new members at Miss Work's home, where they were invited to look at her coin collection, her manuscripts and various old books.

Then there was an exhibition of Greek vases on display in the library art gallery lent by Mr. Arthur S. Dewing of Boston. For the open meeting in April, Professor Gulich gave an unusual talk on "A Cookery Book of the 3rd Century."

Classical Club has enjoyed movies on landscapes of Italy and Greece and takes trips to Harvard or Wellesley when they produce plays such as "Iphigenia at Aulis." The officers are Agnes Sheff, president, and Martha Hoffman, secretary.

*Der Deutsche Verein* is Wheaton's German Club. In October their open meeting was held, and Dr. Rosemary Park of Connecticut College spoke on "Ernst Bertram, the Theory of the Great Man." Afterwards, members had coffee in Hebe parlors.

Early in November members had a picnic at Miss Elizabeth Crawford's camp on Northwest Passage. Afterwards German songs were sung, and games were played. The Christmas tree and party was held in lower chapel. All students of German were invited, and all had a gay time with special German cookies for refreshments.

On March 8 a crowd squeezed into the Science lecture room to hear and see "Emil Und die Detective," a movie which even non-German students enjoyed. Afterwards club-members were Miss Crawford's guests for coffee.

The club is planning more meetings for the spring, both formal and informal. There will probably be another lecture and certainly another picnic. Frances Trowt is president, and Margaret Joy Tibbetts is secretary-treasurer.

*The International Relations Club* has once more enjoyed an active year. In November delegates went to the large New England Regional Conference at M.I.T. In February there was the conference at Tufts, and the first of December marked the New Haven

conference. There was also a conference attended by Wheaton delegates at Harvard in April.

The I.R.C. speakers have been Dr. Philip Ireland, a professor at Harvard who spoke in February on "The Mediterranean Reentering World Politics," and Dr. Knapton, who in March spoke on "The Situation in Europe."

This year I.R.C. has changed the name of Geneva Scholarship to I.R.C. Fund, and has sold furniture and sandwiches for the benefit of the Fund.

The council of I.R.C. follows: *President*, Beth Fiske; *Secretary-treasurer*, Dorothy Kloss; *Librarian*, Barbara Howe; *I. R. C. Fund Chairman*, Alberta Rowland; *Program Chairman*, Natalie Fairchild; *Campus Chairman of the N. E. Conference for Foreign Affairs*, Mary Hubbard; *Faculty Advisor*, Dr. Knapton; *Discussion Advisor*, Mrs. Hidy.

*Music Club*—At the Club's first meeting on October 16, Mr. Ramseyer played, and then the members met in Hebe for refreshments.

On November 8, there was a joint open meeting with the Romance Language Club, and the clubs had Madame Jeanne Brondel Allen give a lecture on "Chants de France." It included provincial songs of various types and periods, and the charming manner of Madame Allen made the meeting a real success. Mary Lyon 11, fully decorated with greens, was the scene of the Music Club's Christmas party on December 12. Miss Krause directed the college orchestra in several appropriate selections, and Marnie Wilde and she played Purcell's "Golden Sonata." After that we had an unusual treat of hearing a concert of recorders (old musical instruments) played by four staff members. Then the club president led in carol-singing, and refreshments were served.

On March 1 brightly painted tables and chairs were scattered about the gym floor for the Gay Nineties Pop Concert. Mr. Ramseyer offered several piano selections and Miss Winslow played some drum solos. Yvonne Bersia gave another performance of her famous rhumba and the inimitable Helen Kingsley

sang several novelty numbers. Mauve-decade atmosphere was furnished by Kay Ryder in frock coat and goatee, who led a costumed chorus. Solos were sung by Martha Ransom, Ellen and Anne Greeley, and Kay Ryder.

The Music Club was asked to repeat the comic grand opera given last year for the Norton Wheaton Club. Kay Ryder, Marion Price, and Martha Ransom had leads.

The officers are: Katharine Ryder, *President*; Marjorie McCully, *Vice-President*; Virginia Day, *Secretary-Treasurer*.

*Psyche* is an English honorary society and, like Agora, there are constitutional stipulations concerning grades.

Activities this year consisted in the October tea for new members, the closed discussion on Aldous Huxley in December, and an open meeting on April 10 where Dr. Theodore Spencer, visiting lecturer at Harvard from Cambridge University spoke on "The Development of William Butler Yeats."

*Psyche* also participated with Art Club and Music Club and the Dramatic Association in a symposium on the Rise of Romantic Ideas in England in the early 19th century. This was held on April 19 and 20.

*Psyche* officers are: *President*, Eleanor Wells; *Vice-President*, Constance Anderson; *Secretary-Treasurer*, Janet Haines.

Members are:

Elizabeth Adams	Alison Kimpton
Jane Adams	Mary Ann Lynen
Constance Anderson	Marjorie McCully
Frances Anderson	Jane Morgan
Ruth Bartlett	Anne Pedrick
Kathe Bredow	Audrey Picken
Ruth Chevers	Marjorie Rush
Jane Dickie	Katharine Ryder
Lillian Dillaber	Dorothy Silverstein
Alice Einstein	Elizabeth B. Shaw
Marion Freeman	Martha Sloan
Janet Haines	Margaret Joy Tibbetts
Mary Heald	Nancy Wolf
Ruth Hirsch	Eleanor Wells
Geraldine Kane	Ruth Lawrence
Patricia Keelan	



#### CLUB PRESIDENTS

(Left to right) Eleanor Wells, president of Psyche; Katherine Ryder, president of Music Club; Agnes Sheff, president of Classical Club; Frances Trowt, president of Der Deutsche Verein; Ruth Bartlett, president of Romance Languages Club; Natalie Fairchild, president of Agora.

*The Romance Language Club* had an open meeting for new members in the early fall. It was a good chance for meeting members of the department, and discussing the year's plans over cider and doughnuts.

The Christmas party was a great success. It began with a treasure hunt around the campus, which ended in Hebe where were found punch and sandwiches. They sang songs they had been practicing and collected tiny presents for the Friends of France society to send abroad.

Shortly before spring vacation the club and French students backed two French plays, which were given in the gym and pronounced quite good by a large audience. The proceeds

were sent to French refugees.

The club president is Ruth Bartlett. Gertrude Hills is Secretary-Treasurer.

*Science Club* had a closed meeting in November when movies on tuberculosis were shown, entitled "Behind the Shadows" and "Let My People Live." In March there was a closed meeting and Mr. E. A. McLaughlin of Eastman Kodak Company gave an excellent talk on some of the technical phases of photography. In April there was an open meeting wherein Wheaton faculty members conducted a Science forum on "What we are doing in research."

Barbara Bestor is club president, and Catherine Higgins is secretary-treasurer.



" . . . . daffodils,  
That come before the swallow dares, and  
take

The winds of March with  
beauty;"











## SPRING ENDS OUR YEAR

Of course vacation was too short. But we all came back eager for warm spring days without coats, and anticipating sunbaths, week ends on the Cape, and even finals.

The long hard winter was safely behind us, we thought, but then Tree Day had to be postponed because we discovered snow on the grass and rain in the air when we awoke one morning. Every day we looked out at the blue sky and wondered about the warmth of the sun for cotton dresses, and then turned back to sweater and skirt for just the rest of this week. One brave freshman blossomed out in a piqué dress about the second week in April, and the germ spread like an epidemic until everyone had moth-balled winter clothes and advanced to warm weather attire. Then we were in the midst of spring before we realized it. One morning we started for chapel to discover that since yesterday all the trees had acquired green spring dresses, that the buds had grown restless in their furry coverings and had broken out of them to stretch

themselves in the warm breezes and spread out in the sunlight. Classes outdoors were hours in which to sunbathe when we weren't brushing away mosquitoes, and lecture notes on those days were few and far between. Some of us gazed up into blue nothingness and remembered Prom, or wondered about May Dance, and some of us just gazed. The Dimple was beautiful in its canopy of intertwining branches and leaves; the ivy on Chapin and Larcom was thicker and glossier than we had ever known it to be, and the bird sanctuary in the foliage at the side of the Library steps was again visited with its annual spring crop of robins and bluebirds. Down by Peacock Pond the air was filled with a canon made by the pung! of a tennis ball, and the klung! of a frog following immediately after. The goldfish were golder and lazier than ever, and the reflection of the clouds in the water made us want to sit by the shadow of the sundial and daydream into infinity.

## NEWS

When from the direction of Stanton B is heard the distant tapping of typewriters, when the interdorm telephone is rushed by girls making last minute check-ups, when the atmosphere of first floor is permeated by editorial voices shouting "Don't get excited!" then Stantonites realize that Wednesday night has rolled around once more and News is nearing the deadline. The tumult and the shouting die, however, long before the white papers appear lying serenely half under the doors on Saturday morning.

Each year as the old order changes, the new editorial board sets down for its own use the objectives by which it will steer its course in the coming months. The staff, under the Editorship of B. Shaw, has this year aimed especially to maintain a high standard of journalism involving not only better journalistic writing, increased accuracy, and more adequate headlining, but also that vitality and objective humor which is essential to mature newspaper writing. Keeping in mind that News is above all a student publication, the board has tried to put out a

ELIZABETH SHAW, *Editor-in-Chief*



paper that appeals to the interest of the student body, at the same time representing the students' side of various campus issues. "A college paper, not a collegiate paper" has been the password for 1940. Seeing the need for more personal "human" interest in the paper, News placed emphasis on interviews with faculty and students, by getting student opinions on the subject of the lead story and through such features as "Question Box" and "Time out for the Faculty."

This year News carried on its banner no great campaigns, aiming rather to keep abreast of student opinion in Free Speech, the editorial columns, and follow-up articles. Between the pages of News this year are reflected the major campus issues. Controversies over class rings, C.G.A. bus tickets, and a marriage course have been viewed, while opinions on a four-course curriculum and systems of academic grading were tallied. Rising from the discontent of the majority on campus, the formal seating situation was brought up and a trial period proposed.

A faculty issue and an alumnae issue of News were published for the first time this year. The faculty issue, edited by Mr. Sharp, included an attractive and unforgettable photograph of the faculty board, and that memorable sports write-up by W. A. Hunt. The alumnae issue, printed at the request of the Alumnae Association, was distributed to almost 5,000 alumnae. The board also published a six-page News to wind up its journalistic career. Convinced, however, that this will be the regular format for News in the future, the editors refuse to classify this as a special issue.

This year's News staff started its career with a field trip to the *Boston Herald-Traveler* and the *Christian Science Monitor*. Next year the staff will journey to the S.A.B. and establish News permanently in its hallowed halls. But News will never live within four walls, even though they be maroon and yellow walls. In the future as in the past, News will live and grow with the student body of which it is an inextricable part.

## RUSHLIGHT

That Rushlight's career has been a stormy tumult is a much hashed over truth. The fact remains that Rushlight has a past, a still unsettled present and a bright future. From last year's booklet form Rushlight has this year advanced to small book form and a blue cover betokening its allegiance to Wheaton—an advance made possible by the work last year of Constance Newton in reorganization, and the help of C.G.A. News has been big sister to Rushlight for some years and with this help and the sale of the magazine, Rushlight is financed.

This year the college magazine appeared twice. The first time announced by town criers in the Dimple on December 6, in time to be taken home for Christmas vacation. Its form—new, and the contents of the first issue in majority thoughtful and serious lightened here and there by a soliloquy on dates, or a parody on formal seating, and illustrations in black and white by Sally Peck of the art staff, was well received. Its second appearance on May Day, May 11, hailed a new idea in make-up and content for Rushlight. Bright, witty poetry, quick short stories and humor as well as more thought-provoking material go into Rushlight's making.

Rushlight's foundation is almost as old as Wheaton itself. Lucy Larcom felt the need of a publication by and for the students which would encourage spontaneous writing for pleasure. Thence came Rushlight which has continued to fill this need for seventy-five years, steadily improving and working toward a larger magazine. A system for criticism of all entries for Rushlight was evolved last year in which all contributions are judged anonymously and a final meeting held to decide the best material for publication. This year's publicity has been more extensive than ever before and Rushlight's "little man" has come to be well known in the post office as

he appears periodically to announce deadlines and publication dates to come.

The staff this year is as follows: *Editor-in-chief*, Margaret King '41; *assistant editor*, Eleanor Wells '40; *literary editors*, Nancy Scott '40, Ruth Hirsch '40, Mary Ann Lynen '40, Barbara Drew '41, Jane Dickie '41, Martha Hoffman '41, Patricia Keelan '41, Martha Sloan '41, Mildred Hollis '42; *business manager*, Gertrude Jenks '40; *art staff*, Lois Brunel '40, Priscilla Schirmer '41, Sally Peck '42; *publicity staff*, Janis Lynch '40; *assistants*, Elizabeth Gibbs '40, Betty Brown '40, Priscilla Hall '42.

## PRESS BOARD

Under the new management of Mrs. Sprague this year, and with an enlarged staff, Press Board sprang ahead to even greater glories than last year, bringing Wheaton to the attention of newspaper readers all over the country. So far this year four stories have made the Associated Press, one of them going to fourteen hundred newspapers. The object is to circulate news of the activities pertaining to our campus, as well as those actually on it; and to have this be news that is interesting to everyone, rather than directing it only at the families and friends of the students. It is also helpful in bringing Wheaton before the eyes of sub-freshmen, showing them what goes on on the campus, convincing them they want to come. The active members of Press Board this year are Jane Williams, *chairman*; Jane Adams, Irene Alleman, Doris Barrett, Eleanore Beane, Margo Boote, Ruth Chevers, Ruth Detlefsen, Lillian Dillaber, Mary-Frances Godfrey, Jean Guthrie, Janet Haines, Priscilla Hall, Geraldine Kane, Charlotte Kidd, Janis Lynch, Dorothy Mackenzie, Wilma Martin, Marjorie Moncrieff, Jean Nevius, Nancy Nye, Alta Powell, Kay Ryder, Dorothy Sanborn, Agnes Ann Sheff, Martha Sloan, Margaret Snow, and Edith Taft. Katherine Bredow is the Press Board photographer.





MARION HUBBELL *President*

## DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION

To get into the Dramatic Association you must first work 48 hours for it, and then to stay an active member you must work at least 20 more hours each year. There are many different ways to do this—acting, making scenery or costumes, doing lighting or make-up, designing posters. And this year a new way has been introduced—really not new—it has been tried in other years, but has never been successful before. This is by belonging to one of the Apprentice Groups; you learn your job thoroughly, and meanwhile work off your hours. On April 4 there was a coffee for members at which Mrs. Ballou read and Mr. Ramseyer played the piano; and in May was the Dramatic Association Banquet. The official opening was with the Founders' Day Plays, when the sophomores gave a comedy, "The Mad Hatters"; the juniors a tragedy, "Riders to the Sea"; and the seniors a fantasy, "The Maker of Dreams." The tragedy won first place. The next play was "Much Ado About Nothing," which turned out to be one of the best plays ever given at Wheaton, with beautiful costumes

and excellent lighting making a frame for the unusually good acting. And then in May came the Harvard-Wheaton play, this year Rachel Crothers' "He and She."

The officers of the Dramatic Association are Marion Hubbell, *president*; Martha Ransom, *vice-president*; Mildred Hollis, *secretary*; and Marjorie Rush, *treasurer*. Other active members are Elizabeth Adams, Ellen Bamberger, Helen Boord, (head of costumes), Elizabeth Bowman, Mary Craig, (in charge of lighting), Jane Dent, Lydia Geer, (head of scenery), Janet Haines, Mary Heald, Geraldine Kane, (stage manager), Doris Lemaire, (head of make-up), and Nancy Scott.

## STROPHE

This year Strophe, the choral speaking group, tried a new experiment in collaboration with the Dance Group—together they gave Vachel Lindsay's "Congo." At the same time Strophe gave alone "Portrait of a Gentleman" and "God Save the King." There have been three other concerts throughout the year, only one at Wheaton—the Christmas story from Matthew and John, with three solo parts. Of the other two concerts, one was given at the Taunton State Hospital for the A.A.U.W. on November 14. On April 6 a performance was given before the Boston Wheaton Club, with the solo parts by Irene Alleman, Phyllis Bills, Eleanor Webster, and Jane Dent. The president of Strophe is Jane Dent, secretary, Dorothy Kloss; librarian, Jane Pritchard; and it is directed by Miss Tweedle. The other members are Irene Alleman, Jeanne Beauchamp, Elizabeth Beebe, Phyllis Bills, Dorothy Davis, Edna Frieder, Jean Hamant, Ruth Hirsch, Ruth Lawrence, Doris Lemaire, Phyllis Lord, Jane Mills, Ellen Moyle, Eleanor Murray, Dorothy Paulsen, Elizabeth Pierce, Molly Rhodes, Florence Rochrich, Evelyn Schnurr, Helen Shapiro, Dorothy Silverstein, Mary Snyder, Marcia Spencer, Florence Taylor, Elizabeth Turner, Barbara Watkins, Eleanor Webster, and Barbara Woodworth.

## CAMERA CLUB

This year the most important thing that the Camera Club did was to publish the Wheaton College Calendar, which was an entirely new project. As in former years, it kept a bulletin board in the post office which showed miniature exhibitions of both professional and amateur photography. Throughout the year several contests were held, each on a different class of picture—one time landscape, one time human interest, etc., and then at the end of the year there was a general contest of pictures of all classes. There are both open and closed meetings throughout the year, for the benefit of the members of the club and for the college, at which movies are shown and pictures exhibited. The members are helped and advised all through the year in various ways: there are discussion groups, to which people may bring their pictures for criticisms; and there are instruction groups, in which some new phase of photography is explained with practical instruction and demonstration—such as night photography. Instruction is also given the members in developing and printing and enlarging their pictures in the dark room of the Camera Club. Next year they are looking forward to using the new dark room in the S.A.B. for this.

The officers are Ruth Chevers, president; Nancy Whitten, secretary; and Jane Adams, treasurer.

## S. A. B.

The committee for the Student-Alumnae Building Fund exists to make as much money as possible, and consists of Barbara Bestor, chairman, and Margaret Joy Tibbetts, assistant chairman. The class representatives are Betty Brown for the juniors, Mary Ann Bethge for the sophomores, and Amy Salisbury for the freshmen. There has naturally been more interest in S.A.B. this year than any other, and the proceeds of the May Dance will go to the Fund.

## VOCATIONAL COMMITTEE

The Vocational Committee arranges for six speakers a year to come and talk to us about various fields in the business world open to women. It is so managed that during a four-year span a number of different fields are covered. This year the committee was cut down to six people, with effective results. The chairman is Lois Brunel; other members are Monica Armstrong, Jane Adams, Dorothy Kloss, Doris Barrett, and Nancy Kline.



(Left to right) Ruth Chevers, president of Camera Club; Jane Dent, president of Strophe; Lois Brunel, chairman of Vocational Committee; Beverly Stevens, president of Choir.



JEANNE ADAMS, *President*

### A. A.

Combining innovations in the rules with traditional activities, the Athletic Association provided a year of stimulating sports and entertainment for everyone interested in physical education. The officers for the year were Jeanne Adams, *president*; Nancy Newbert, *vice-president*; Sara Peck, *secretary*; and Ellen Greeley, *treasurer*.

The much-discussed plan of limiting inter-class games to students who are not members of a varsity team was put into effect, and students who otherwise might not have shown an interest in intramural sports were drawn into competition.

In November four years of physical education were compressed into an hour and a half for the benefit of the Alumnae Council which was given a demonstration of what we do in gym by approximately 80 students, Miss Brady, Mrs. Gallagher, Miss Boehm, and Miss Mott. The purpose of "Physical Education—Streamlined" was not to present a recital in which we might show off, but rather to show the alumnae what we do in

class work to develop strength, skill, and grace.

The show included glimpses of tumbling, rhythms, dance, posture, badminton, and golf classes in action in the gym, and finished at the pool where sample lessons in life saving and swimming were given.

Attracted perhaps by Miss Mott's advance advertising (see below), half of the college trooped into the gym one November afternoon to see a badminton demonstration given by Mr. Herb Fiedler of Boston. Mr. Fiedler showed us how to make smashes and entertain restless men on dates (suggestion made by the same Miss Mott mentioned above.)

February means vaudeville sponsored by the Athletic Association and vaudeville this year meant Hebe Takes A Holiday (50 beautiful girls 50). Plenty of "pun'ch" was spilled into the script by committee members Helen Kingsley, Evelyn Fay, Mary Ann Lynen, Elizabeth Shaw, Phyllis Howe, and Laurie Steel. Betsey Schadt, chairman of entertainments, nursed the show through its rehearsals and saw it safely launched on the gymnasium stage. Ann Tomkinson, seated at the piano, crooned her original melodies into a mike, and Kingsley wandered up and down the center aisle singing the words to Phyllis Haller's music. Some very special entr'actes were provided by Miss Winslow who "beat it out" at the drums and then joined the Ewings in "It Had To Be You."





Among the 50 beautiful girls promised by the press agents of A.A. were Nancy Whitten, Evelyn Fay, Margery Bach, Jane Williams, Janet Neal, Phyllis Wechsler, Betty Brown, Carol Tillinghast, Elizabeth Gibbs, Ruth Haslam, Margaret Heath, Wilma Martin, Marion Price, Ruth Chevers, Anne Breeding, Jacqueline Paul, Geraldine Kane, Katherine Bredow, Jane Adams, Alberta Rowland, Bertinia Dickson, Jane Dickie, Marion Browne, Barbara Templin, Alice Einstein, Jane Morgan, Mary Hubbard, Marjorie Rush, Constance Anderson, Laurie Steel, Mary Ann Lynen, Elizabeth Shaw, Helen Kingsley, Alison Kimpton, Anne Johnson, Martha Sloan, and Jane Ewing.

On Washington's Birthday the Wheaton Outdoor Girls dusted off their skis and got up at 5 a. m. to make an all-day excursion to Conway. On Cranmore Mountain which was covered with New Hampshire's best brand of powder snow beginners valiantly tried to master the snowplow while experts schussed around them. Miss Brady and Fran Lawler experimented with snowshoes, and the cameras clicked furiously as interesting angles presented themselves. The best part of the trip was that there were no wounds for Mrs. Starkey to bind up, not even a broken fingernail.

Members of the dance troupe had a chance to look behind the scenes and associate with a group of professionals when Doris Humphrey and Charles Weidman came to Wheaton in March with some of their dancers for the second concert of the Wheaton Concert Series. A lesson with José Limon was a rare and valuable experience for the Wheaton students and one which their aching muscles didn't allow them to forget for several weeks.

Elections for the 1940-1941 officers of the Athletic Association were held before spring vacation. Nancy Newbert was chosen *president*; Sara Peck, *vice-president*; Linda Thomas, *treasurer*; and Elizabeth Cahall, *secretary*.

At the time that this is being written spring is becoming a little more than faint hope. There are patches of green grass around the

manhole covers, the Howard-street puddles have disappeared, and athletes are emerging from the gymnasium to look at the tennis courts and wonder how soon they will be dry. Janet Neal is polishing up her golf clubs and sophomores are wondering what in the world speedball is. Everyone is buying suntan lotion and counting gym cuts. The Athletic Council holds important meetings, heads of sports frantically write reports, and the Athletic Association goes on to meet the spring.



*1939 May Queen*

## MAY DAY

The first really warm days bring May Day rehearsals out into the open and the Dimple is filled with dancing figures as the shadows lengthen late in the afternoon. May Day is one of our most cherished traditions and although it takes place too late for a photograph of the mysterious 1940 May Queen-to-be to embellish NIKK's pages we have included a picture of "Bunny" Hare and some of her court that you may be reminded of this great event. But after all who at Wheaton needs to be reminded of May Day? Some of us have rehearsed in the Dimple for hours with the new spring grass tickling our feet. Some of us

dawdled on our way back from the libe to watch rehearsals. Then May Day came and we were on our best behaviour with visitors everywhere. They filled rows and rows of seats curving around the Dimple and left some of us spilling over onto Emerson roof for a better view.

Music sounded, the dancing began. When the May Queen and her court moved slowly toward us we held our breath and strained our eyes to see who she was.

"How beautiful," we sighed.

The pageant of the Sleeping Beauty went on. We saw Helen DeMott as a handsome Prince, Molly Rhodes as the Jester, and Mary Ann Bethge as the Sorceress, while Eleanor Brill, Carol Bryan, Sybil Bumford, Marion Burkhardt, Phyllis Haller, Nancy Kline, Jacqueline Paul and Mary Snyder were delightful witches. We admired the colorful costumes which Helen Boord had been in charge of and recognized as the courtiers danced, Frances Anderson, Alice Canby, Mildred Hollis, Leah Johnson, Jean Kennison, Helen Masson, Barbara Merriam, Jeanne Penhale, Anna-Frances Turner, and Barbara Welser. The peasants too we knew as Monica Armstrong, Louise Brigham, Charlotte Covell, Phyllis England, Ellen Greeley, Priscilla Hall, Mary Ann Herron, Eleanor Hodges, Janice Hunter, Katherine Langsdorf, Virginia Loeb, Mary Maenner, Eleanor Murray, Verna Penney, Antoinette Pieroni, Ruth Rabe, Susanne Rose, Shirley Sharp, Virginia Thompson, Barbara Tudbury, Nancy Wolf, and Jane Wrather. Too soon the pageant was over and we were saying goodbye to relatives and friends while in a tiny part of our mind we were thinking about May Dance and the evening to come.

Ever since we've been at Wheaton, and for many years before, people have been working for S.A.B., talking about S.A.B., and wondering about the building in the clouds as we saw it on the Wheaton Maps. This year, suddenly, it has taken a definite, tangible shape, and we've watched it grow from a cornerstone to a beautiful two-story building full of wonderful possibilities, amazing



*Commencement Time*

evidences of twentieth century developments. But we haven't watched it very carefully. As a matter of fact we've hardly noticed it some days, and then somebody would say, "Look at S.A.B. They're putting the roof on!" and then everyone would stand around and gaze at it, and lose track of time as they watched.

We've all been in it and inspected it, marvelling at the ballroom and bowling alleys, and the special maroon-and-yellow and blue-and-rose rooms upstairs. We've even gone up on the roof, and listened to Dr. Park's voice coming up through one of the ventilators. We've had our pictures taken on one of the terraces, and we've sighed for the time when it would be completed and really be part of us.

Now it is finished and we love it. We love the way it fits into everything else on campus, even though it is completely modern and 1940. We love it because each of us has had a part in the growth of the fund from which it was built. We would each like to pick out a brick and mark it with our initials, because we want the world to know that the students and alumnae of Wheaton College have a brand new building all their own, like no other building in the world. And it *is* different from any other building because it used to be

a dream, a castle in the air; and that castle came down and settled on a corner of our campus, and became our dream come true.

Now the world is green and fresh, and warm with promise of approaching summer. There is new life in everything after the turmoil and bluster of a winter just past. Each tree and each flower is embarking on a new phase of its existence; a summer in which it will be at its height, in which it can accomplish everything or do nothing.

In lighter vein, may we pause to reassure those of you who ate lemons at Manomet, and congratulate those of you who ate oranges; obviously your careers and aims are laid out for you, and you have nothing to do but follow your noses and take anything you think is worth having. Life is too short to let exciting things slip through your fingers, only to be snatched up by someone who doesn't deserve them half as much as you do!

So, after you came back from Manomet, having read these words of wisdom, you raced across the campus and didn't win the hoop-rolling contest because your sophomore didn't hem your gown high enough; and then you lifted high your two inches of daisy chain and sang "White Rose, White Rose" lustily, only to find that your end of the line was two tones off key, and that the part of the daisy chain you were carrying had lost all its daisies. Commencement Ball would have been a super affair, only you had invited your father, as a lark, and he insisted on dancing with "my girl" when you only had eyes for somebody else. Oddly enough, other people's fathers were there too, and everyone was in the same boat.

Baccalaureate was a mad scramble, you thought. Trying to meet your parents for breakfast and dash back to a roomful of mothers and aunts was pretty terrific, especially when you had slept late and had just an hour before you had to begin marching down the aisle. You said "marching down the aisle" because that was what you had always wanted to do, in different circumstances however, and you had just about given up those

circumstances for lost!

But suddenly, through all the heat of caps and gowns and June came the voice of the speaker, piercing through your discomfort and bringing you to full consciousness. In spite of everything that had happened to you in the last four years, you didn't really want it to end now. But it *was* ending. You had sat next to Sally all year, but you would do it only once more. You had always followed the faculty out of chapel, but this time and tomorrow you would all be going first, because you were leaving college, and they would be staying on after you had gone.

You went canoeing on the Reservoir for the last time that afternoon, and awoke on Monday with Commencement a few hours away, and a dead weight somewhere inside of you. Again you sat in the heat and thought, and you looked around you, memorizing everything so it wouldn't go away. And then you were given your diploma and your hood, and you found your way back next to Sally with difficulty, because everything was blurry and fuzzy to look at. You marched down the aisle once more, and through the middle door of chapel; and then the even line of seniors broke, for the last time, and you were separated from one another after four years of room-hashings and strugglings, separated to embark upon a summer of wonderful unknowns, a world where anything might happen.





# NIKE

WE have borrowed your favorite snapshots, begged you for subscriptions, hounded you with posters and news articles to make you NIKE conscious, and now you have seen the results of all this. The NIKE, we kept in secret as our own, is out of hiding and we cannot pretend any longer. It never was just ours. It is really yours. Here are your pictures, the things you said and did. Your suggestions for which we were so grateful, the articles you wrote or proofread, even the money you paid for your subscription, are incorporated in these pages. For you and all your help, Wheaton, the 1940 NIKE staff thanks you.

To the seniors we say good-bye and best wishes for the years to come. May NIKE help to remind you of your happy years at Wheaton.

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